SALVEMINI by Elisabeth Mann Borgese

THE NATION

NOVEMBER 25, 1961 . . 25c

Program of a Revolutionary

FREEDOM FOR PORTUGAL

Henrique Galvao

THE YOUNG DOCTORS' DILEMMA

Paul A. Buttenwieser

TRIAL BY FURY

The Press as Prosecutor

John Lofton

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LETTERS

The demand for "JUGGERNAUT: The Warfare State" continues unabated, and we have just arranged for a second printing. Orders should be addressed to The Nation *at 333 Sixth Ave., New York 14, N.Y. Enclose payment with order at the following rates: Single copy, 50c; 10 for $4; 50 for $17.50; 100 for $30; 500 for $125.*

Our Letters columns of the last few weeks have been full of praise for "JUGGERNAUT." But there have also been a few scattered brickbats, as noted below.—EDITORS.

Anti-"JUGGERNAUT"

Dear Sirs: Fred J. Cook's "JUGGERNAUT," like his recent hatchet job on Dulles and the CIA, mixes sound logic with "the McCarthy technique of casting suspicion on the motives and loyalty of the opposition, instead of meeting its arguments" (quoting the author). In doing this, of course, he is in step with the policy of the magazine.

When Mr. Cook decries the gross misuse of power by many of our military men, I am in full agreement with him. When he goes on to imply that the cold war was foisted on the poor Russians by the aggressive militarists of the Pentagon and Wall Street, I begin to wonder whether he is wicked or merely stupid. Even Khrushchev says that Stalin was an amoral and bloodthirsty bandit. Apparently Mr. Cook demurs. . . . STANLEY J. JACOBS

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I agree that there is a juggernaut-warfare state in the world today. But I disagree with Mr. Cook as to its identity. The most warlike nation of today is not the United States of America; it is the Soviet Union. Soviet warriors have mercilessly shot into the atmosphere the deadliest-yet nuclear weapons, thereby doubling the total burden of radioactive fallout. Their motives, I am forced to believe, are global terrorism and atomic blackmail.

I hold no brief for Barry Goldwater, Strom Thurmond and the John Birch Society. But when high crimes against mankind are committed — crimes such as nuclear testing and warmongering — I submit that the blame should be put where it belongs. This time the blame, and it is the heaviest blame yet, belongs on Soviet shoulders. Russia has done most of the poisoning of the atmosphere; and we should not condemn America's misdemeanors while we overlook Russia's felonies. After all, fair is fair and true is true.

Moses Lake, Wash. PAUL H. ADRIANCE

And Another 'Pro'

Dear Sirs: "JUGGERNAUT" is by far the most illuminating account I have yet read of the way in which the military, in alliance with big business, have come to have their present stranglehold upon the life of the American people. . . . Particularly instructive is Mr. Cook's account of how the champions of the Warfare, or Garrison, State are determined to destroy the possibility of a Welfare State by labeling it as Communist. . . . I wish that *millions* of people could read "JUGGERNAUT."

GIOVANNI COSTIGAN
University of Washington

Seattle, Wash.

What One UAW Won

Dear Sirs: Since I am a member of the UAW staff, my comments on B. J. Widick's "Rebellion in the Factory" [Oct. 21 issue] must seem self-serving, but I run that risk since I think Widick's piece was neither report nor commentary—but polemic.

The described "revolt" came when local union delegates to the UAW's General Motors Council rejected a settlement recommended by the union's top officers. Widick did not report that the same delegates, several hours later, voted nearly unanimously to accept an alternative recommendation put forward by the union's leadership. Nor did he report that the national agreement finally negotiated was ratified by all of the nearly 130 General Motors local unions.

The magazine *Business Week* reported: "The United Auto Workers, which glories in its democracy and militancy, has demonstrated both these qualities possibly too well—in its dealings with General Motors this week." As to the outcome of the negotiations, *Business Week* also said that the UAW won "something that will pretty closely resemble an annual wage for auto workers."

I think your readers should have been told (as they were not in Widick's report) that the UAW won:

1. A wage increase of six cents or 2½ per cent, whichever is greater, to be paid in each of the three years of the new agreement.

2. Continuation of cost-of-living wage protection — though all the auto manufacturers had announced that the elimination of this provision was one of their major goals this year — and though unions in the steel, electrical and railroad industries have been forced to modify, or give up, cost-of-living provisions.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1961
VOLUME 193, No. 18

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Lame Duck Cometh

According to advance notices, Dr. Adenauer is prepared to lay down the law to Mr. Kennedy at their forthcoming conference. "Dr. Adenauer," Sydney Gruson cables from Bonn to *The New York Times*, "is going to present a fairly rigid position to the President"—no juridical recognition of East Germany, no acceptance of the Oder-Neisse line, and nuclear arms for West Germany without further stalling. And, according to this view, the President will acquiesce, since, as everyone knows, "West Germany has a veto on the Western Allies' German policy."

What this means is that the United States is to rubber-stamp Dr. Adenauer's recent malfeasances, which have been only briefly and obscurely reported in the American press. The fact is that Dr. Adenauer has made a travesty of parliamentary government in West Germany. The elections showed a loss of confidence in the eighty-six-year-old Chancellor and a shift to the Left (or what passes for the Left in West Germany today). A democratic solution would have involved an Erhard-Brandt coalition. But that would have involved Dr. Adenauer's retirement, which is unthinkable — to him at least. Consequently, the Christian Democrats formed what the *New Statesman* calls a "ramshackle coalition" with Dr. Erich Mende's Free Democratic Party (FDP) which, according to that clear-sighted publication, "possesses the sole and essential virtue of being acceptable to German big business."

This sordid deal violates the Bonn Constitution by giving the FDP a veto on Cabinet decisions, but anything seems to be acceptable to Dr. Adenauer if only he can die with his boots on. Why, however, should Mr. Kennedy stand in such awe of the lame-duck Chancellor, who was forced by Mende to jettison Heinrich von Brentano and substitute Gerhard Schroeder, a former Nazi who stepped out of the party when he fell in love with a lady who was found to be fractionally Jewish? Nor can we conceive of Mr. Kennedy's suddenly losing his nerve at the sight of Franz Josef Strauss, who will also accompany Dr. Adenauer to Washington. The President will be getting himself into trouble in exact proportion to the complaisance with which he receives these envoys of the renascent Reich. Dr. Adenauer's forcefull line on non-recognition of East Germany, if Washington accepts it, will throw away the West's chief bargaining counter. Indeed, negotiations cannot even begin if we give West Germany nuclear arms under arrangements similar to those we have with Britain. This is the real bone which sticks in Khrushchev's throat, and his response to any such move is predictable. On the other hand, what can Adenauer do if his demands are politely rejected? Ally himself with the Soviets, just like that? Khrushchev is no fool, and he is not in the position of Stalin in 1939. Everyone has learned something from the events of 1939-1945, and Mr. Khrushchev has probably learned most of all.

Dr. Adenauer is said to be willing to take co-responsibility with the United States if it comes to nuclear war. This will be scant comfort to both the West Germans and the Americans if the bombs fall. Since the day that John Foster Dulles took office as Secretary of State, right down to the present, American policy vis-à-vis Germany and Central Europe has been made in Bonn. It is time for Mr. Kennedy to see that it is henceforth made in Washington.

Reader, Be of Good Cheer

It has been the unhappy task of *The Nation* to make its readers tense and anxious with views about the uselessness of shelters in a nuclear war, but this week all the items are on the sunny side.

In a series of syndicated newspaper articles, Dr. Willard F. Libby tells you how to make shelter-life not only safe, but pleasurable. "The more comfortable and elaborate you can make your shelter, the better," the good doctor advises. The illustration shows a beautiful blonde in shorts taking goodies out of a well-filled freezer next to her bed. The power company has been unaffected by the bombs and she and her family (not shown) will

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eat their fill of unspoiled delicacies while the radiation dies down. "Fancy $5,000 Underground Shelter," the caption reads, "Would Increase Your Chance 10,000-Fold, Says Libby."

Adding to the attractions of thermonuclear war, the old-fashioned firm of Hammacher Schlemmer took two pages of *The New York Times* (Sunday, November 12) to advertise de luxe shelters and equipment. Among the items suitable for Christmas gifts are a foldaway bed with inner spring mattress ($119.50), a compact electric kitchen ($535.00), compact bath ($499.50) and battery-powered TV ($249.95). The shelter itself is a "Family-Library-Music room" that, prior to and after the harmless holocaust, will serve as a "beautiful addition to any family's plan for pleasant living, a delightful room to use all the time; ideal as a den, study or guest room."

But perhaps you have had misgivings about the aftermath of these delights? *U.S. News & World Report* (November 13) dispels them all. The war will kill at least 60 million improvident or unlucky Americans and cause property damage of perhaps $400 billion, but Washington has planned a speedy recovery and a renewal of the upward march of free enterprise. Just don't convert everything into cash and bury it, for if the money is destroyed, the government will not reimburse you. And don't send your assets abroad, for transfer of funds by cable may be ruled out for months. Instead, keep financial records in your shelter—the latest bank statement, bond serial numbers, stock certificate numbers, deeds, mortgages, etc. The government is setting up AVEC (Assets Validation and Equalization Corporation) to straighten things out in a reasonable time.

Of course, in almost every ointment there is a fly, and this one contains the threat of "staggering new taxes" for reconstruction. But when have taxes really staggered the well-heeled and foresighted? And think of the opportunities! *The Nation* is indeed glad to spread the good tidings, if only for one week.

Murder, Inc.

The government of Katanga, which fronts for the Belgian-British-American consortium, the Union Minière du Haut Katanga, has been defended on the floor of the United States Senate by the Hon. Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut. This government is anti-Communist, and little else is needed to merit Senator Dodd's approbation. Even the Senator's strong stomach might be turned, however, if he would take the trouble to read the United Nations Commission of Investigation report on the murder of the Congo Premier and nationalist leader, Patrice Lumumba; Joseph Okito, Vice President of the Congolese Senate, and Georges Mpolo, the Minister of Youth. That Lumumba and his associates were murdered was never in doubt, that Congo President Kasavubu and Katanga President Moise Tshombe were responsible for the murder was likewise indisputable, but the *modus operandi* was, until now, obscure.

On February 13, Godefroid Munongo, Katanga's Minister of the Interior, called a press conference in which he stated that Lumumba and his "accomplices" had been "massacred by villagers." "I know that some people will say we murdered him," said Mr. Munongo. "My answer to that is: 'Prove it.'" The proof, insofar as proof can be obtained under the conditions which prevailed and still prevail in the Congo, is now available. According to one version, — the others are no prettier — Munongo himself committed the principal murder, that of Lumumba. "The honest M. Kasavubu," as the Belgians call him, persuaded Tshombe to take the troublesome Lumumba off his hands. Lumumba and his companions were taken to Elisabethville by air. On the way they were brutally beaten. On their arrival, Munongo approached Lumumba and, after a few remarks, took a bayonet from the rifle of one of the soldiers and plunged it into Lumumba's chest. As the Congolese Premier lay upon the ground dying, a Belgian mercenary serving in the Katanga Army gave him the *coup de grâce*. This all happened on January 17, and was concealed for almost a month. According to one version, Lumumba's body was kept in a refrigerator of the Union Minière for a time, but this is disputed.

The investigating commission concluded its report by calling for judicial proceedings to be instituted as soon as possible. In the present state of affairs in the Congo, this is easier said than done, but our own government must realize what is at stake. The question is whether the United Nations can prevail against the Tshombe-Munongo regime and the Union Minière, or vice versa. We can condemn the murders and support the United Nations, or we can condone the murders and become moral accomplices of the murderers. There is no comfortable middle course.

Repelling Communism in South Vietnam

When General Maxwell D. Taylor returned from South Vietnam and indicated that no American infantry would be sent to bolster up the shaky Ngo Dinh Diem regime, many citizens paid inner tribute to the prudence and sound judgment of their elected and unelected officials in Washington. If subsequent events have not increased their confidence, they must be pessimists, perhaps in need of psychiatric help.

Writing in *The New York Times* (November 14), Robert Trumbull reports that Saigon "seems suddenly to have developed an unusual attraction for Americans in uniform." The principal hotels are jammed with officers of the United States Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines, including a four-star admiral and several major

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generals. Things are so tough that officers of medium rank must bunk together. All this is stated to be "routine." Also routine (Associated Press, November 12) is the reconnaissance flying of USAF jets which, it is now revealed, has been going on for the past three weeks. According to the U.S. Embassy, the boys are just logging some flying time.

Also writing from Saigon, Louis Krarr reports in *The Wall Street Journal* that the Ngo Dinh Diem government is putting its shoulder to the wheel. With part of the $2 billion in aid contributed by the United States since 1954, President Ngo Dinh Diem has engaged the New York public relations firm of Kastor, Hilton, Chesley, Clifford & Atherton, Inc. The operatives of Kastor, Hilton, Chesley, Clifford & Atherton, Inc. "screen correspondents before letting them see government officials, report newsmen's private conversations to Vietnam's government and badger reporters who suggest the country is not ideally administered." This all comes under the head of polishing up the Ngo Dinh Diem image and neutralizing critical reports in the Western press. The American who does not rejoice at this use of the funds he contributes to his government is either lacking in patriotism or does not understand the importance of public relations in a small country beset by communism.

The Anti-Children Crusade

When the witch hunters take over from the witches, it is a sad Halloween. This year in Santa Barbara, California, as in many other American communities, the local UNICEF committee arranged for children to donate their trick-or-treat collection of coins for the benefit of youngsters the world over who are hungry for more than candy. At the outset, the response was gratifying: local dairies offered cartons for collecting the coins; broadcasting stations and the YMCA helped to promote the campaign. But Santa Barbara, it will be remembered, is one of the home bases of the Birchites — and the witch hunters came to life. Letters flooded into Santa Barbara *News-Press* and the offices of TV and radio stations. Telephone calls and more letters (anonymous, of course) put pressure on the dairy companies. Even the YMCA was enveloped in the miasma of propaganda — all of it aimed to prove that UNICEF is a Communist scheme for diverting good American dollars into Communist and Communist-controlled countries.

Let it not be said that the businessmen of Santa Barbara are immune to what they conceive to be expressions of "public" opinion. Three dairy companies promptly withdrew their proffer of collection cartons, and the local TV station, which had been running spot UNICEF announcements, dropped them hastily. The *News-Press* noted editorially the preposterous picture of a small minority scaring businessmen half to death:

> The Birchers and their spiritual brethren ("I'm not a member, but. . . .") are at it again. . . . Why are they attacking an organization devoted to the welfare of children regardless of race, color, religion or the political ideology of their government? . . .
>
> We hear similar distortions every year as goblins-and-witches time approaches. We see attempts to create doubts about a program under which volunteer children ask for coins for less fortunate children instead of asking for edible handouts to stuff their own tummies.
>
> This year, the distortions have been spread with increasing intensity. . . . [The action] has had its effect, sad to say.

The editorial elicited an overwhelmingly favorable response from its readers. It remains only to be reported that UNICEF collected far more money in Santa Barbara than it had the year before — and that many housewives are now very choosy about the dairies they buy from.

TRIAL BY FURY . . *by John Lofton*

IF THE AVERAGE newspaper scanner stops for only a moment to reflect on his daily reading fare, he can hardly fail to be struck by the extent to which it is flavored with crime. Murders, rapes, holdups and kidnapings are endlessly featured in headlines and pictures.

Does newspaper coverage of crime interfere with justice in criminal cases? Nothing is better calculated to rouse the dueling spirit of a self-respecting editor than to suggest that it does. A few years ago, when the New York State Bar Association proposed to discourage certain disclosures to the press in advance of criminal trials, Alexander F. Jones, past president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, exclaimed that he would guess the author of the proposal to be Goebbels and added that he would challenge him "to produce one case where newspapers have so hounded any individual or influenced any court or jury that a man was sent to prison in a miscarriage of justice."

Speaking on the other side of the issue, Clarence Darrow, in a comment that is still echoed by many

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JOHN LOFTON is an editorial writer for the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette. *This article is adapted from a chapter in a forthcoming book.*

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lawyers, once declared: "Trial by jury is being rapidly destroyed in America by the manner in which the newspapers handle sensational cases. It is a species of mob law more insidious and dangerous than ordinary mob law."

So the argument between the legal and journalistic professions has run for years, with the two groups perhaps even further apart today than they were a quarter of a century ago when, as a result of the circus atmosphere of the Lindbergh kidnaping trial, they tried unsuccessfully to initiate some kind of agreed code of conduct for the bar and the press.

Newspaper readers themselves have something to do with the question of justice and the press. The modern public's appetite for concentrated doses of crime is reflected in every medium of communication. The murder mystery, during a recent publishing year, accounted for one out of four books of fiction published in the United States; periodicals find it pays to allocate a substantial segment of their space to crime articles and stories, and about 20 magazines devoted solely to crime are flourishing, to say nothing of the flood of so-called "comic books" which treat the same subject. Among American newspaper readers, stories dealing with major crimes rank ninth in a preference listing of forty categories of news. In motion pictures, the popularity of the crime theme is signified by the success of Alfred Hitchcock thrillers, and on the home screen the ratings of *The Untouchables* and *Gunsmoke* leave little doubt as to the inclinations of audiences.

EXPERTS in criminology offer obverse explanations for the public's obsession with crime. They observe, on the one hand, that in the case of some types of offenses the ordinary citizen, through a kind of paradoxical romanticism, may seek to escape from daily dullness by identifying himself with the law violator. On the other hand, the offender who is a villain also serves a purpose: the average man has, and has always had, a need for a scapegoat, someone to blame for his misfortunes, and society's delinquents provide ready targets — persons on whom he can give vent to his aggressions by having them punished. Karl Menninger has observed that "taking it out on criminals is by all odds the most satisfactory method [of finding scapegoats]. It is perfectly proper and ethical and legal and highly moral to do so."

SENSING the public's psychological "need" for crime news, newspapers have not been hesitant about striving to satisfy, and even to create, popular demand. Newspaper attention to criminal activity is, in fact, far from a new phenomenon. In 1850, readers were fed the gory details of how a Boston doctor was murdered by a Harvard professor and his body dismembered (the Webster case); nine years later, Dan Sickles made headlines by publicly shooting his wife's seducer; and, in 1907, there was the trial of Harry K. Thaw for the triangle love slaying of architect Stanford White.

In the 1926 Hall-Mills murder trial at Somerville, New Jersey, an estimated five million words were put on the wires during the first eleven days. During twenty days, three New York dailies devoted 12,541 column-inches to news of the proceedings and an additional 4,332 column-inches to pictures.

The trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann at Flemington, New Jersey, in 1935 drew from 300 to 700 representatives of the press. More than 11 million words were sent over the wires during the trial (about a million of them the first day). In 1954, the trial of Dr. Samuel Sheppard for the murder of his wife, brought sixty-five out-of-town newsmen to Cleveland. Three-quarters of the nation's leading newspapers gave it front-page play. In Los Angeles, 2,500 miles away, it got a position equal to or just below the smog issue, at the time a matter of great local concern.

Another frenzy of press activity was evoked by the trial at Los Angeles in 1960 of Dr. R. Bernard Finch and his mistress, Carole Tregoff, for the murder of Dr. Finch's wife, Barbara. Daily attendance in the press section of the courtroom ran to about fifty, with the number running as high as seventy-five on days when the testimony was expected to be particularly interesting.

How do the newspapers themselves justify such copious coverage of the minutiae of certain criminal trials—coverage that is designed to let readers in Massachusetts know, for example, every detail of a domestic altercation in Dr. Finch's suburban Los Angeles home? Such reporting is understandable in cases with national political ramifications—for example, the Hiss and Rosenberg trials (or, in an earlier day, the trial of Aaron Burr or the prosecution of those implicated in the assassination of Lincoln). These cases raised questions that affected the destiny of the nation. But most sensationally played trials have no political angles. Some newspaper men attribute criminal trial coverage to an interest in law enforcement, as did the late Grove Patterson, editor of the *Toledo Blade*, when he said many years ago:

> I will say, simply and frankly, at the very start that in my judgment the newspapers will go on printing all the crime news that is available, in the future as in the past, and that furthermore they should continue to do so as a matter of good newspaper making and sound public policy. Only publicity will arouse public opinion. Publicity, more than anything else, will stir laggard public officials to courageous action. This publicity, copious and unpleasant, frequently hated by every conservative element in the community, disliked and deplored by the newspapers themselves, offers the surest and most sweeping approach to the clean-up.

This rationale may have guided the respected Toledo editor in the treatment of crime in his own paper. But the applicability of the rationale to newspapers in general is highly doubtful. If the Patterson thesis were applicable, the cases selected by the American press for the most detailed attention would reflect greater variety and would be characterized by their sociological significance. As it is, certain types of offenses—slum knifings, homicides among Negroes, white-collar crimes—are often played down or completely ignored.

The formula which motivates editors in the choice of trials to be headlined was probably more accurately expressed by Ed Murray, man-

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aging editor of the Los Angeles *Mirror,* when he said of the Sheppard murder: "The case has mystery, sex and glamour." These questionable criteria would apply to almost every case that has been voraciously covered by the press.

Not only are some "glamorous" trials given exaggerated play, but crime, as one type of human activity, seems to command a disproportionate share of newspaper notice. It is true that in 1960, in the 4,000-odd cities of more than 2,500 population, 3,678,836 persons were arrested for offenses ranging from vagrancy and drunkenness to criminal homicide. This figure represents about 4.5 per cent of the people of these communities, no negligible proportion. Yet it seems only fair that criminal activity should be considered by the press in the light of its prevalence in relation to the sum total of significant human activity—activity running through a multitudinous number of individual and collective, public and private, endeavors and bearing on how man governs himself, how he makes his living and how he spends his leisure time. Surely crime is an almost invisible part of this complex and unendingly varied scene.

Yet crime occupies from 2 to 7 per cent of total news space, the percentage depending on the type of newspaper. And, viewed in terms of headlines, placement, pictures and other means of emphasis, the engrossment of editors with crime news is markedly greater than the percentage figures would indicate.

In Chicago, in 1946, a seventeen-year-old youth named William Heirens was charged with several murders. After the trial and sentencing, an exhaustive study of how the case was handled by the (then) five Chicago newspapers disclosed that it got a higher percentage of the combined space of the five Chicago dailies than any of the major national issues then current—including the A-bomb tests at Bikini, attacks on the Office of Price Administration, and Congressional debate on a proposed loan to Britain.

Not only does crime news often get an immoderate play, but at times the play actually suggests a wave of

lawlessness that does not exist in fact. The repetition of stories about certain types of offenses, first in one city and then nationally (if the offense makes good copy), often creates the erroneous impression that the offense is being committed with more than average frequency. Lincoln Steffens told of creating a "crime wave" in New York City by writing a story about an unusual burglary, which prompted editors of other papers to send their reporters after similar news.

THE EDITORIAL fixation on crime would seem to call for a basic explanation other than the altruistic one of concern for law enforcement or a desire to report the day's most significant events to the community. The true explanation—however defensible it may sometimes be in the interest of journalistic self-preservation—seems to be a mercenary one. Harry Overstreet has written that "the newspaper has found its vested interest in catastrophe."

Some publishers minimize this factor. And they may be right with respect to the more responsible and more secure papers, and with respect to communities where competitive infighting has been reduced through conquest of the local newspaper market by a monopoly publisher. But the tendency to play news in a fashion calculated to boost sales is obviously widespread and a matter of long habit.

It is especially noticeable in big cities with competing newspapers. In Chicago, on December 28, 1956, two teen-age sisters left home to go to a movie and were not seen again until their murdered bodies were discovered. With sexual assault suspected, the Chicago papers outdid one another in priming reader curiosity. The *Tribune* and *Sun-Times* published pictures of models dressed in clothing like that of the girls'. The *Tribune* printed an alleged confession by a skid-row character which was later found to be full of discrepancies and was repudiated.

Headlined stories on the murdered sisters lasted two months and were said to have increased circulation of individual papers by as much as 50,000 on some days.

IN San Francisco in 1957, the city's four dailies had a similar field day with a rape case in which the victim was manacled and tortured. The *Chronicle* labeled the attacker the "Torture-Kit Rapist" because he had used a knife, adhesive tape, manacles and scissors in the course of committing the crime. The *Examiner* called him the "mad rapist." And the *News,* not to be outdone, dubbed him the "Fang Fiend"—since he was described by the victim as having "canine teeth, which protruded fang-like over his lower lip." The case blossomed into banner headline proportions when a twenty-three-year-old warehouse clerk named John A. Rexinger was arrested. Only when the investigation was ended by the confession of another man did the press let up in its sensationalizing. [See "Trial by Headline," by Decca M. Treuhaft, *The Nation,* October 26, 1957.]

Meanwhile the San Francisco newspapers, during each day of the nearly two-week play of the case, sold an average combined total of probably 15,000 copies more than normal. The Rexinger case had enabled the papers to almost equal their performance earlier in the year when a young man named Burton W. Abbott had been executed for the murder of a fourteen-year-old school girl. On the day that Abbott was put to death, street sales of the San Francisco *News* alone were some 20,000 copies higher than usual.

Press preoccupation with crime is by no means limited to the big cities. Take as an example the Palo Alto (Calif.) *Daily Times,* a paper with a circulation of 36,000 in a university community. In a 52-day period

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in 1961, that paper ran 47 crime stories and 18 crime pictures on its front page. Crime stories were missing from the front page of only 15 of the 52 issues published during the period in question.

HOW DO prevailing press methods of dealing with crime affect justice? As has already been observed, the public, in its search for scapegoats, tends to take a harsh, retributive attitude toward criminal offenders or supposed criminal offenders. And newspapers tend to give the public what it wants. No comprehensive study has proved that the press favors the prosecution over the defendants in criminal cases. But it would seem reasonable to conclude, on the basis of general observation, that the severe attitude taken by the public, and reflected in many cases by the press, often gives an advantage to the prosecution and militates against the law's traditional presumption that an accused is innocent until proved guilty. Sevellon Brown, a conscientious editor, said as much in a 1955 speech deploring the way in which crime reporting sacrifices the rights of the individual. Mr. Brown added: "Almost any editor in almost any city on almost any week could go over his routine police file and pick out example after example of reporting that was clearly prejudicial."

Studies of individual cases tend to support the thesis that the press is generally biased against defendants before the jury has rendered its verdict. An analysis of the Heirens case has revealed that the Chicago papers printed initially, and then repeated, a far higher percentage of statements issuing from the police and prosecution than from Heirens, his parents, his attorneys and friends. The conclusion seems inescapable that the defendant's case was weakened in the process.

Generally, when the public mood is given a channel for expressing itself, the result is not likely to be an enlightened kind of justice. It is more likely to produce what one observer a generation ago referred to as trial by fury. Press pressure for the execution of those convicted of murder and rape is common. In earlier years, lynchings in the South were often condoned, or even encouraged, by the county dailies and weeklies of the affected communities. While daily papers of the larger Southern cities denounced lynching, their denunciations tended to decrease in vigor as mob lawlessness came within proximity of their own operations. As late as 1955, the year of the lynching of Emmett Till in Mississippi, the press of that state swung from an initial condemnatory attitude to one of defensiveness concerning the atrocity. It was apparently mirroring the attitude of its readers.

THE SOUTH, however, is not the only region where the press reflects the grosser feelings of its constituency. Across the country, day in and day out, newspaper headlines, stories and comment reflect hate, anger, cruelty, the search for scapegoats, the urge to punish, the spirit of revenge. A pre-trial headline in the Sheppard case commanded officials to "Quit Stalling and Bring Him In." In connection with a 1949 Florida rape case, an Orlando paper published on its front page a three-color cartoon showing four empty electric chairs and demanding, "No Compromise—Supreme Penalty"—and this *even before the four suspects in the case were indicted.* (In this case, the conviction of the defendants was set aside by the Supreme Court in a decision in which two of the Justices protested against a venal form of trial by newspaper.) The previous year, a New Jersey paper launched a campaign for capital punishment because of what it called "an intolerable crime wave" which had been climaxed by the killing of an old man named William Horner. In an editorial entitled "The Idle Electric Chair," the Trenton *Times* noted the presumably deplorable fact that there had not been an electrocution in the state in more than two years.

Under the relentless pressure of newspaper publicity—of which the above examples are representative—the law's presumption of innocence is undoubtedly put to a severe strain. The events that followed the Trenton *Times* editorial are instructive. The next day police authorities in that city organized a special squad armed with Tommy guns and given orders to shoot to kill and to arrest any "suspicious-looking" person found on the streets after dark. The city's director of public safety declared: "Well-meaning people may accuse us of acting like a Gestapo, but if we can bring in the Horner killers, or save one life, I'm willing to take all their criticism." Three days later, in another editorial, the *Times* demanded that the police solve the Horner murder "through one means or another." Within the next few days six suspects, all Negroes, were arrested without warrants. Though there had been no witnesses to the crime and all six of the accused had alibis corroborated by witnesses, they were all convicted by an all-white jury and sentenced to death. The verdict, said the Trenton *Times,* "seems to have stunned the entire city." But the press had not helped to forestall the outcome.

THE case of "The Trenton Six" became a *cause célèbre* and for a time was caught in the toils of a Communist propaganda drive. Eventually—through the efforts of a distinguished Princeton committee, the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People—four of the defendants won acquittal in a second trial and a fifth won his freedom after commutation of his sentence (the sixth died in prison). But there is little reason to doubt that in this case several innocent men were subjected to a cruel experience as a result of public hysteria which the press helped to whip up.

As is so often the case, the kind of newspaper publicity likely to *help* the defendants did not begin in this instance until well after the original miscarriage of justice.

Certainly examples can be given to show that newspapers can and do serve to vindicate the innocent. It is much easier, however, to show how newspapers have prejudiced the cause of justice. Moreover, it is relatively simple to find disinterested authorities who are ready to testify that the injudicious attitude of the public is more often than not aided, abetted and echoed by the press and

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that this tends to hamper justice administered on the basis of modern techniques. As one criminologist has expressed it:

> Newspaper advocacy of penal methods has generally reflected dominant public opinion rather than pioneered for a new penology. . . . A great many newspapers have apparently been suspicious of efforts to test the sanity of criminals; have inclined towards the determinate rather than the indeterminate sentence; have thought of probation as "giving another chance"; and have violently attacked parole as unwarranted softness.

The newspaper's adverse influence on justice should be most clearly observable in cases in which, by official acknowledgment, innocent persons have been wrongfully convicted. There have been at least two book-length studies of such cases, one by the late Edward M. Borchard, Yale law professor, and the other by the late Judge Jerome Frank of the U.S. Court of Appeals. Professor Borchard presented sixty-five authenticated cases; Judge Frank, thirty-six. Both authors suggest that there are probably many other cases of wrongful conviction which have not come to light or have not been verified, and both note the effect of public clamor egged on by the press in producing wrongful convictions.

Manifestly the press is not the sole cause of injustice. But its contributing role in making the innocent suffer is obvious from a check of some of Professor Borchard's and Judge Frank's cases.

LET'S examine the newspaper coverage in one of Judge Frank's cases. When a young divorcée named Miriam Green was murdered in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, in 1946, her friend, Gerald C. Wentzel, was caught in an incriminating web of circumstances. When first picked up for questioning, he said he had been on a hunting party 200 miles away on the weekend she was killed; he did not let police know that he had been aware of the murder. Then he admitted that he had found the body when he went to Mrs. Green's apartment late Sunday night. At first he told investigators he had found her door open; then he admitted he had a key. The reason for Wentzel's evasion was that he was badly frightened and thought a straight story would implicate him in the crime. Moreover, though he was a married man with a child, he had been keeping company with Mrs. Green.

In the light of these circumstances, Wentzel's case was hardly strengthened when the press publicized his contradictory statements. His case was weakened still further when the Philadelphia *Inquirer* quoted the following statements by the district attorney handling the case: "Miriam Green was strangled by someone she thought her friend and the killer was driven to his crime either by a desperate vengeance or a frantic fear the woman would betray his guilty secret."

A few days later the *Inquirer* ran the following headline on page 1: "Police Know Murderer of Divorcée; Slayer Is Called 'Central Figure' in Pottstown Probe." The story said investigating authorities had "definitely identified the murderer" and that evidence on hand supplied the "clincher."

DESPITE these indications of certainty, there was no arrest; apparently the authorities were not as sure of their evidence as they had indicated to the press. Soon a Pottstown borough official publicly criticized the police and demanded proof that they were not shielding possible suspects because of their lodge connections (Wentzel was a member of a hunting lodge). The official's demand for a "showdown" was headlined in the *Inquirer*, as were the investigators' denials. Then the headlines began promising an arrest.

After this build-up of expectations, an arrest *was* made. Wentzel was taken into custody, tried and convicted for the murder of Miriam Green—all of this despite clear evidence from the condition of her body that she must have died while Wentzel was on the hunting trip about which he told and which was corroborated by alibi witnesses. Two and one-half years after Wentzel began serving a ten-to-twenty-year sentence, another man confessed to

the crime. Though this occurrence did not bring about Wentzel's immediate release, it started a train of further investigation which finally brought him freedom through action by the state Board of Pardon.

Actually, despite newspaper stories to the contrary, the investigators did not know the murderer of Mrs. Green at the time they were saying they did. But their confident talk, well publicized at the time, led the community to think that they did. It led, moreover, to a challenge to produce the guilty culprit that the police apparently felt they could not resist. And a jury, which could scarcely have been shielded from all of the damning publicity about Wentzel's connections with Mrs. Green, brought in a verdict of guilty.

IN THE light of the voluminous record of press unfairness to accused persons, it is fair to ask whether the obligation of a newspaper is limited simply to giving the public what it seems to want or whether there is a higher duty to provide enlightening information.

Newspapers are, of course, not the only agents of injustice. Lawyers, judges and law-enforcement officials are sometimes to blame. The fact is that both the press and the courts are sensitive to, and tend to project, the baser public passions—the press because editors (among other motives) want to sell papers, the courts because judges and prosecutors want to be elected or re-elected. Injustice is often the result of unofficial collaboration between the press and the courts, and therefore the performance of one cannot be improved without improving the performance of the other.

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Social Science in the Cause of Peace . . *by John Cohen*

Manchester, England

ARE WE FORCED to accept the *political* picture of a world irreconcilably divided to the bitter end? Eight Pugwash conferences [now known to American scientists as COSWA—Conference on Science and World Affairs.—Ed.] have made it plain that in the domain of science the ablest men from East and West can come to terms on what must be done to root out the hazards of war. And they have shown how the resources of science can be organized on an intercontinental scale for the common good of mankind. This demonstration that the state of the world is not to be taken at its political face value carries a spark of hope for the future.

Less than two hundred men have taken part in these meetings. But behind them stand thousands of other scientists waiting to take part in a constructive enterprise. And there are countless people everywhere equally eager and well disposed. How can all this good will be harnessed to a common goal?

The idea of a Human Pugwash was conceived in an attempt to answer this question. It calls for a world "organ" which could bring the full strength of the biological and human sciences to bear upon the challenging problems of the contemporary world; to pursue, with indefatigable zeal, the goal of realizing the potentialities of man and nature — biological, psychological and cultural in the fullest sense of the word.

The voice of Pugwash science in world affairs, in the past, has mostly been confined to issues dictated by the political situation; in the main, to problems of disarmament. The time has come to put the boot on the other foot—for politics to take its cue from the issues raised by science in the exploration of human and natural resources.

That such a change in initiative is imperative becomes clear if we face the fact that the energies of our shrewdest statesmen are locked in ceaseless wrangling over one seemingly futile issue after another; the moment Berlin is at peace some other such issue will rear its dreary head. In the meantime, the helpless individual stands demoralized by this spectacle. And scientists are ready to offer an escape from the desperate impasse, not by entering a competition to solve *political* problems, but rather by seeking a *non*political course of action, by trying to shift attention from the arid desert of futile disputation to the fertile pastures of productive action, by changing the subject of conversation from "how to die" to "how to live."

The overriding interest of Pugwash in disarmament was doubtless essential at the start. Latterly this interest has extended to questions of international collaboration, chiefly (though not exclusively) in physical science. Scientists outside the Pugwash movement are also becoming increasingly aware of the importance of international collaboration. This is exemplified, for instance, in the expanding scope of activities of the International Council of Scientific Unions. But however vital a high-energy accelerator is judged to be, or a program for deep-drilling into the earth's crust and mantle, or an investigation of the biological potential of the Indian Ocean, these leave untouched the actual problems of people in their daily life: first and foremost, the nature and conditions of their work, the character of their dwelling places, their aspirations and conflicts, their opportunities for "fulfillment."

SCIENTIFIC collaboration faces a multiple of "human" tasks. To feed six billion gaping mouths (twice as many as there are now) before the end of the century calls for a single global authority; and the pathetic squalor of contemporary Mauritius gives us a foretaste of what awaits us all, when our children reach maturity, unless far-sighted measures are soon taken. But the provision of food may turn out to be one of the less intractable problems. It is true that people have to eat, but they also need homes, cities, schools, colleges, hospitals, systems of communication and transport, and ten thousand amenities of civilized life. Let Pugwash assemblies discuss the scientific implications of *these* needs.

Consider the task of *speedily* raising the standard of education in backward countries to the level of the more advanced parts of the world. Merely sending a handful of teachers to Indonesia is to tinker with a problem of such a magnitude that it can be overcome only by full utilization of modern techniques of communication. Here we might bear in mind the large-scale experiment in educational television recently conducted in France to meet the shortage of teachers of mathematics. This type of problem was examined in detail at the first International Conference on Visual Information at Milan in July, 1961, and is continuing to receive expert study. What is lacking is a central authority which could feel a sense of extreme urgency about these matters. Also lacking for this reason is the relatively small sum of money needed to put the requisite scheme into effect.

Or, looking ahead, reflect on the form that work will take in an epoch of automation, when men will no longer be subject to the indignity of doing what can be done by a machine. What meaning will his occupation bear for the worker? And will it elicit his talents and efforts? How will he devote his leisure after a four- or five-hour stint of labor? And what, indeed, will be the significance for him of his leisure? Even if industry of the future could be purged of its monotony and meaninglessness and infused with some of the spontaneity of play, there will remain scope for *re-creation* by immersion in the imaginative life, in art, drama, dance or other ways of transcending the space and time of daily life. *These* are also urgent matters that deserve the attention of international science.

JOHN COHEN, who teaches psychology at the University of Manchester, is the author of Human Nature, War and Society, Humanistic Psychology *and other books.*

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In an illuminating article in *The Nation* of September 30, 1961, Margaret Miller described a variety of industrial, social, medical and educational difficulties which beset the Russians in their struggle to cope with the complex tasks of their huge country. These very human difficulties bear a family resemblance to those encountered in the United States and other capitalist countries. What could be more fruitful than a joint scientific attack on these shared problems?

THE incalculable waste of human potentialities and natural resources in the world today is a fact of life that has yet to impinge on the minds of statesmen, who are busy with other things. Think of the treasures of intelligence and imagination, of skill and talent, which lie untapped in the countless millions still living ill-fed, ill-housed and illiterate. Even in the affluent countries, there is a lopsided interest in mere technological ingenuity to the neglect of what might be described as the imaginative life of man. The patent defects of our so-called educational systems, with their relatively primitive schools and many antiquated centers of higher learning, bear witness to this. We must not speak as if all that mattered were the product of technological ingenuity, while disregarding the art and enjoyment of living.

Nor must we forget how thin is the civilized veneer which conceals the dog beneath the human skin. The nature of man is better apprehended by a study of his history, just as his history becomes more intelligible by a study of his nature. A Human Pugwash could seek a scientific understanding of the way man's nature, such as it is, and his history have conspired to generate the unimaginable brutality manifested in the wars and exterminations with which our generation is so familiar, but to which it reacts with indifference and apathy.

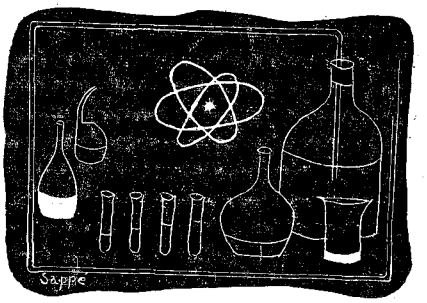
Man, I suggest, is primarily an *imaginative* rather than an *intellectual* animal. Yet there is an exclusive concern in modern education with the manner in which children acquire a representation within them of what happens in the world outside. To perceive, to learn, to remember the outside event, that seems the be-all of our educational effort. What of that inner world of creative imagination which equally requires to be tended, and to be represented? Possibly it is only by the cultivation of the inner realm of experience that we shall overcome the callousness which allows us to ignore human suffering that does not occur under our noses; we are enormously more affected by a slight accident which happened round the corner than by a terrible catastrophe a thousand miles away. In the long run, the survival of the species may depend on discovering the psychological "antidote" to such callousness.

Each branch of social study may have something worth contributing to a Human Pugwash—sociology, demography, economics and anthropology; even psychology is not entirely to be despised in this connection. For although psychology disclaims any magical methods for resolving international tensions, it may make useful suggestions for raising the effectiveness of international debate and for clarifying the relationships among hostile groups. The principal task of psychology, however, as I see it, would consist in revealing the extent to which our mental and emotional resources are still unexplored and uncultivated.

IT MAY be said that the success of the Pugwash venture will depend on the help of politicians and that nothing would be gained by antagonizing them. I entirely agree. But more will be needed than the sympathy of politicians. An informed and enthusiastic public opinion will have to prod its political representatives into action to translate the dreams of science into a waking reality.

If an abstract Human Pugwash is to be quickened into life, it must take a form which appeals to those in the East and West alike—and to the "neutrals" into the bargain. It must be heralded not so much as a *novel* ideal, but as an endeavor to *implement* those ideals which are already universally acknowledged. Its participants must come as individuals and not as parrots dressed like men; in this way, the greatest cultural variability would more likely be allowed for. The outcome would not be yet another international agency to share the alphabet with those which already exist—although the latter (and I include the specialized agencies of the United Nations) might well be rendered far more effective by becoming linked to a *single focus* of world interest.

The ideological affiliation of individual participants may vary widely, but this need not be a barrier to cordial cooperation. If theoretical reconciliation is out of the question, for the present at any rate, let them devote themselves to those tasks which they agree must be discharged if the world is to survive and flourish. Let them stop singing hallelujahs to their particular Way of Life and be-



gin instead to talk about the many things that can be done together.

The ultimate function and structure of a Human Pugwash must be left to its members, and premature crystallization of the formative notions is therefore to be shunned; a *fait accompli* is unlikely to win worldwide cooperation. My personal view is against a mass movement of scientific workers, which would be cumbersome and diffuse in its effect, and hence unlikely to achieve a powerful impact on legislators or public opinion. On the other hand, an exclusive Nobel Prize-winners' club may become out of touch both with the rank and file of scientists and with public opinion. Some synthesis is desirable which would allow close contact between the most distinguished men of science on either side and, at the same time, enlist popular scientific support, as well as the active interest of other groups alert to the issues, especially groups which feel themselves directly affected and involved. While the "input" to Pug-

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wash should come predominantly from the biological, medical and human sciences, the "output" should be directed, as and when appropriate, to receptive audiences everywhere, including industrial, professional, administrative and trade-union organizations, student groups and, of course, political leaders, government administrators and the United Nations.

A last word. The image of science presented today is overwhelmingly that of a dark and sinister Frankenstein monster threatening to destroy mankind and engulf the world. Much weaker by contrast is the presentation of science as a benign, healing and creative influence. Films, fiction and the press conspire to produce a double image in which the dark overshadows the light. This betrays itself in a basic ambivalence of people towards nuclear power, with its inexhaustible possibilities for good and evil. This is a distortion of what science *could* be, and it cries out for correction. If in the minds of the impressionable young and their even more impressionable parents, science were to be represented as a beneficent force, this in itself might help to make it so in fact. The abuse of science for ends inimical to man might then become a thing of the past.

Wonderful World of the Big Ten . . *by Howard Tuckner*

Early each fall, sportswriters for the larger dailies swing through the Big Ten campuses of the Midwest where — according to expert concensus — the best "amateur" football in the land is played. The purpose is to learn about the season's gridiron prospects. This year Howard Tuckner of the sports department of The New York Times *made the trip for the first time — and was duly impressed.*

Mr. Tuckner held a Grantland Rice Fellowship at the Columbia School of Journalism in 1956-57.

THE BIG TEN football conference, America's heartland of the block, the tackle and the bashed nose, will conclude its 1961 schedule on Saturday. The cavernous stadiums at Michigan State, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan and Minnesota will be filled with the roars of fans who, season after season, somehow manage to brave the silver-flask weather. And, in the hundreds of thousands, they will return next year and the year after that to view the wonderful world of the Big Ten.

With the equipment men, the coaches and the boosters already measuring next year's prospects for cleated shoes, plastic helmets and perhaps a blue serge suit or two, now may be the time to deal with such burning perennial questions as: What is the philosophy of the Big Ten? Why are its stars considered different from stars who study advanced cross-blocking at Harvard or Georgia or Kansas or at any other institution of higher learning? Why is the Big Ten a padded world all its own?

There is a simple answer to each: "Toughness." And what makes the Big Ten so tough are coaches like Murray Warmath of Minnesota ("What I liked about our team last year was that we had an intimidator, a meat-grinder"); Jack Mollenkopf of Purdue ("Details and execution are important, but some coaches may forget that football is mostly a matter of knocking people down"); Ara Parseghian of Northwestern ("We furnish everything but guts").

And then, of course, there is Wayne Woodrow Hayes, the dedicated coach from Ohio State. "Football," he says, "is the best single program taught at Ohio State. The education you may forget. You don't forget the football."

Mr. Hayes lined up his players after a practice and introduced them to the visitors. The athletes stood there quietly, a squad of Michelangelo statues. A trickle of blood ran down the cheek of one player. He stood there, shoulder guards back, hands at his sides—as if he *were* made of stone. He may have been farm-bred or city-poor, or even a product of Massilon, Ohio, the citadel of high school football, where, soon after giving birth to a male child, every mother is visited in the hospital by a delegation from the local booster club and is presented with a little, white, bouncing football.

During a week's tour of the Big Ten, one heard the clichés generally associated with football coaches from the pristine palaces of the Ivy League to the rock-ribbed temples of the South and the Middle and Far West. But the Big Ten coaches added a new gem for the newcomer. None of them felt he had enough "Big Ten linemen" or "Big Ten backfield men" — an amateur breed apparently separate and distinct from any other in the country. What qualifies an athlete for that exalted appellation?

Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State, explains: "We invited nine tackles. They are all good tackles, but not necessarily 'Big Ten' tackles. A 'Big Ten' tackle must be quick, agile, strong and have a desire to hit people in a nice, clean sort of a way. He must also have a desire to dominate people. You know, in a good, clean way."

LIKE "Big Ten" players, there are "Big Ten" coaches, whose real job starts in December, after all the Saturday heroes have deserted the stadiums, when the coach first says: "Hello, Jimmy. I'm Jeff Knox. We've been watching you, Jimmy. You've had quite a year for yourself at Coaltown, haven't you, son?" And ends with the time of decision in May, when Coach Knox shakes Jimmy's hand and says, "Well, you're a Rhino now and I know you know what that means, Jimmy boy."

Yet, when the Big Ten coach talks privately about football, the toughness cracks through. There is Murray Warmath, the Southern-born Minnesota coach who, until his team began to win last year, was hung in

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effigy more times than Hirohito. Beer cans and garbage littered his lawn. His tires were slashed. His wife and child were insulted. And everywhere were the signs: "Go back South, you bum."

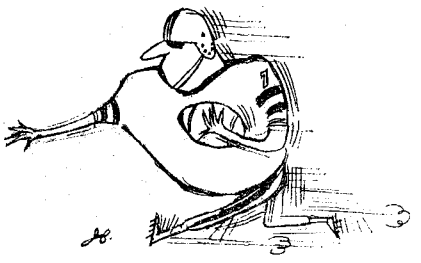
"I've got tough skin," he says. "Sometimes things like that give you an extra charge of adrenalin." Then, "We've got a kid here. He's not big, but he's strong and tough. He came here to hit, not for the show. He's the kind of boy you love. God balanced things up when he put a heart like that in such a little body."

There is Jerry Burns of Iowa, the egghead of the Big Ten who evaluates his players in terms of their "technical knowledge of the game." When asked how one develops these subtle skills, he turns the hard realist and says: "You recruit it. Drills can help, but you better hope you can find players who have it."

AND THERE is Ara Parseghian of Northwestern, who at thirty-eight is one of the youngest head coaches in the league. He is the picture of the all-Armenian boy, quietly charming and with a feeling for people — especially alumni and newspaper men. When a stranger visits the Northwestern dressing room, he gets the feeling that Mr. Parseghian hopes to slogan the opposition into defeat. Signs such as these line the walls: "Responsibilities gravitate to the person who can shoulder them"; "Every man is valued in this world as he shows by his conduct that he wishes to be valued." But the erudite Mr. Parseghian likes his boys to be tough, too. One recalls the injured Northwestern star, watching practice from the sideline. "There's an all-American in two years," the star said, pointing to a mere sophomore. "He's 191 pounds of power. I tackled him yesterday. That's why I'm not playing today. I've tackled some good ones, but when I hit this kid he bent my face guard right around behind my ear."

Jack Mollenkopf of Purdue jokes occasionally at press conferences ("Are we going to play 'em one at a time? No sir, we're gonna play 'em all on one Saturday afternoon and get rid of them") — but the moon face, the spectacles and the professorial appearance notwithstanding, he is one of the hardest-driving coaches in the Big Ten. His teams may be beaten often, but the victor's bruises will linger long after the victory has been won. His boys usually come from the Pennsylvania mines and Ohio's industrial cities. Some have all the aggressiveness knocked out of them by the time they matriculate at Purdue, but Mr. Mollenkopf knows how to revive it.

"I had a sophomore," the coach says, "who had size and speed but he wasn't aggressive. I humiliated



him. I needled him until he couldn't take it. To get me off his back, he finally got mean."

Chalmers (Bump) Elliott, the thirty-six-year-old, button-down-collar type who toils on the chalked greensward of the University of Michigan, uses the clichés: "Really hang in there . . . fight real hard . . . play 'em one at a time." But, coming from him, they sound charming and brand new. Yet, on the sideline, he no longer is the Michigan Avenue prototype, but the Warmath, the Mollenkopf, the Parseghian — as the slim, striped tie flutters in the Ann Arbor breeze and the white teeth gleam.

AND THEN one meets Wayne Woodrow Hayes of Ohio State, and the others become dwarfed by comparison. For ten years he has worked in the densest of all college football jungles, Columbus, O. (There, in November of 1944, when the Allied armies were penetrating Hitler's Europe, a Columbus newspaper carried this eight-column streamer headline on its front page: THE DAY HAS COME—OHIO VS. MICHIGAN!)

No other man but Woody Hayes could have held the coaching position so long. He is as eloquent as Mr. Parseghian. (In the dressing room before every game he kneels, raises his right fist above his head and leads the team in the school's football song, "Fight The Team Across The Field.") He is as tough as Murray Warmath and as hard-driving as Jack Mollenkopf ("Ohio State has one thing going for it this year — a mean football coach").

He likes to illustrate the type of athlete he prefers by relating a conversation he had last summer with one of the team's leading players:

"He is only a fair passer and a fair runner, but the thing that affects me about him is this: He was making $130 a week last summer. He said he had been saving to buy a car, but his father refused to let him buy one. 'You made the money, right?' I said. He nodded. 'It's yours, right?' He nodded again. 'You're bigger than your father, right?' He nodded once again. 'And you still think he should tell you what to do?'

" 'Yes,' the kid says.

"That's the kind of kid who listens when you tell him something. That's the kind of kid I like. He listens."

If Mr. Hayes is magnetic, tough, hard-driving, he also is perhaps the most musically enlightened football coach in the land: hi-fi music is piped into the Ohio State locker room. Iowa's dressing quarters also offers music to suit up by, but in Des Moines it's Rock 'n Roll; in Columbus, its *Sing Along With Mitch*. That's class.

At practice sessions, Hayes pays men to dress in the striped garb of game officials to mark off penalties against his players for infractions. ("It impresses the kids more than if one of my assistants acted as a referee.") Every day, during the semester, there is a compulsory 2½-hour study period for the players. The coaches act as proctors. A drowsy player is shaken back to the books with: "C'mon, study."

As a recruiter, Hayes has the most converts since Elmer Gantry. He was asked how he happened to land a highly coveted halfback who had all but been fitted for a freshman beanie at another big-time football school.

"We recruited him better," Hayes explained. "I wanted to make a

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dentist out of him and we saw to it that he talked to the head man. Me. I took him to the top of the stadium. We stood on the top step and I pointed out our Dental College where he would like to be one of these days. That sold him on coming here."

Was there anything else that sold him?

"Yes. I think that boy was sold on Woody Hayes."

It would appear that, over the portals of every Big Ten stadium, there ought to be inscribed the words: "Through these gates pass the toughest boys in America." And as for the coaches, their message seems to be: "Believe in me and ye shall have a college education—and maybe even make All-America . . . if you're tough."

FACE-LIFTING the GIANTS . . *by David Cort*

TWO MASSIVE institutions, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Life*, have recently agreed that *something* has happened to the American reader, and in consequence revised their format and editorial attacks. Meanwhile, their chief competitor, *Look*, stood firm. The *Post* and *Life* editors do not actually *know* what is happening in the American mind; neither do I.

One theory is that the reader had grown seriously tired of being kidded and conned by the mass magazines. This theory seems to be generally accepted, since most general magazines have recently made an attempt to be more intelligent, or more sophisticated, or more something. The desire to compliment the reader on his or her superiority runs the spectrum from *McCall's* to *Woman's Day* to the syndicated newspaper columns.

Everything the mass magazine can conceivably say it has already said a thousand times over; it can hardly think up a new recipe. The triteness rings especially loud when a mass magazine takes up one of the standard strong stands. For many people, the solution has been to stop reading magazines entirely on the discovery that the benefit of reading a mass magazine is a fringe benefit, and a very raveled fringe. The sequel is that the non-reader finds himself suddenly in a purer, rarer air, alone with his own thoughts, which he may even find surprisingly interesting.

A related theory is that there are times to read, and times not to read. The depression, the New Deal and Hitler gave a lot of people the reading habit. The Eisenhower era killed the habit for many. Today a reader may feel that once he has got the point of The Bomb, further social commentary is superfluous. He may see the earth as simply spinning, like a gambler's coin, whose destiny is to come down either heads or tails.

CORPORATION board rooms are not so philosophical. So people don't read, they say — make 'em buy the magazine, anyway. To this riddle there is indeed an answer, and the answer is pictures. If they won't read, they can at least look. And pictures are today the lifeblood of the mass magazines, including of course *Life*, *Look* and the *Post*.

Photographs dominate the field, because a photograph is much cheaper than a painting. And by a complicated process of personalities and procedures, the photographers employed by *Life* early convinced the journalists who employed them that they had an art and a mystique that Time Inc. people could never understand. I can say, with some aura of authority, that most *Life* photographers are idiots, and most of their pictures are pointless. The fact is that almost anybody can take a pretty good picture if he will use as much film as a *Life* photographer uses and try enough angles and exposures and keep his thumb off the lens. (I have probably looked at half a million pictures by *Life* photographers; these heroes are indefatigable.)

Since professional photographers tend to be a little bit stupider than the rest of mankind about almost anything, their pictures reflect this disability. The problem of a *Life* editor is that he is stuck with the pile of pictures that the *Life* photographer has brought back from Samarkand or Timbuctu.

Some genius at *Look*, probably Daniel Mich, saw the flaw in the *Life* procedure. *Look* exhibits a total mistrust of photographers. It assigns a "producer" to spell out to the photographer what the point of the story is. A worse insult could hardly be imagined, but of course the photographers accept it. Nobody without a very thick skin should aspire to this art. The result in *Look* is that each of *Look's* pictures is *working*. They are not brilliant, but they are humane and intelligent. The magazine is loaded with individual faces, and the faces are expressing something. They show what a photographer can do if things are patiently spelled out for him, and he is given hard orders, with no allowance for his genius.

Look's secret is still invisible to *Life*, but the reformed *Post* has made an effort to adapt it to its own uses. The "old" *Post* worked on some amazing fallacies, besides the blind faith in photographers. In the issue I looked at, it showed men's garden clubs, TV education, African hospitals, a town's Paint-Up Festival and tourists. These are all communal activities, blotting out the individuals. Russia is even more communal than America; and so are caste India, tribal Africa and semi-feudal Europe. The communal American, with his shirt hanging out over his pants, getting into the spirit of things, may be useful, but he is not interesting. Another peculiarity of the "old" *Post*

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articles I read was that there was not one single fight in the issue, in violation of the oldest law of journalism or even just story-telling.

The "new" *Post*, beginning Sept. 16, 1961, apparently abandoned these three fallacies. Communal life gave way to interesting individuals. Some articles showed some fight. And art directors were put in charge of the photographers and artists.

A reasonable improvement, this bore little relation to the *Post's* advertisements: ". . . blazing new spirit. Color runs riot. Imagination is king. The printed word rises to new glory. A new creative freedom comes to magazines — and the roar of excitement can be heard. . . ." Why do publishers have to talk as if they were hiding a new Voltaire, Swift, Baudelaire and Goya, when they have only hired some new art directors? The blaze, riot, imagination, freedom and roar dwindled down to an amusing picture of Casey Stengel prissily sniffing a red rose.

MAYBE THE *Post* editors feel as if they had set fire to the sofa, but the blaze is simply the European format that has been leaking into American magazines since World War I: bleed pages, lots of wasted white space and sans-serif type.

Art directors, the monopolists of these tattered mysteries, are quite the equal of photographers as hollow bluffers and packagers of moonshine. They can turn a straightforward story into gibberish by putting the title and author's name on a preceding page, splashing the text with an ape's footprint around whose toemarks the paragraphs snake, and using three different type faces in three different colors. They like it best when these little tricks make no communicative point whatever, but cost a lot to produce.

As for *Post* fiction, new or old, its action reporting is excellent; its mood stories begin to be preposterous in the first paragraph. Somebody should explain about mood stories to magazine editors. You don't start at 20,000 feet; you start on the ground, unless you're writing exclusively for fifteen-year-old girls or drunkards.

A few figures will describe the *Life-Look-Post* race. In 1951, the *Post* and *Look* were about equal above 3,000,000 circulation, and *Life* was king at over 5,000,000. Today all three are around 7,000,000, but the *Post* is proud to claim that it is in no hurry to reach that figure, while *Life* and *Look* guarantee it for early next year. These swollen lists have been achieved by cut-rate subscription prices in the following percentages: *Life* 78 per cent, *Look* 48 per cent, *Post* 44 per cent. Meanwhile, back on Madison Avenue, *Life* and

the *Post* have lost in advertising pages, *Look* has slightly gained. Nothing conclusive there, except that *Life* and the *Post* are scared, and the latter at least has been losing money.

A very recent *Life* statement that its revenue increase in the third quarter of 1961 represented two-thirds of the whole increase by general magazines in that quarter exasperated *Look*, which could point out that its increase in the same quarter was nearly the same as *Life's*. "Well, that's *one* way of putting it," said *Look's* counter-advertisement, as a charming euphemism for the short word, lie.

MORE complicated words are required to describe the "new" *Life*, advertised June 1, 1961, as committed to beauty, understanding and wisdom. The claims were in a lower key than the *Post's*, but were still fairly pretentious. As an editor, I can find in the "new" *Life* only pure chaos.

In the issue of August 4, 1961, one suddenly comes on a chinless, pout-mouthed, barebacked citizen, about a quarter life-size, patting sun-lotion on his fat wife's back, on the beach at Atlantic City. One starts back in revulsion. For somehow one has been tricked into identifying oneself with this repellent scene. The reader is suddenly a sun-baked slob married to a fried blob. The flick of self-horror passes and as one peruses the whole eight pages of people sun-bathing — not beautiful people, just unidentified people with skin — the numb boredom sets in. The message of these eight valuable pages is no more than: people have skin. A mosquito would be delighted by this message, but nobody else.

The theory of editorial lunacy is never a safe one. One must suppose, instead, that in this foolish story *Life's* editors thought they were capturing *Look's* common touch, or the identification in the *Post's* Norman Rockwell illustrations. The utter failure of the attempt has a lot to say about the limitations of uninspired photography. It was an insult to the reader. But the intention of this unnewsworthy, banal and offensive story must have been nobly ambitious: to speak to the readers' instincts rather than to their brains. If this is true, it bespeaks a profound repudiation of *Life's* original function as a fact outfit, telling about what it knew something about.

Another story, September 8, 1961, on the monsoon in India, compounds the *Life* chaos, and this time gives it twenty pages in color. These expensive and beautiful pages said something less subtle than that people have skin; they said that it rains in India. I think I know that; if they had told me that it rains in the Sahara Desert, I might have been susceptible. The Indian rain is displayed with plenty of white space, bleed pages and sans-serif type set like a disordered, illegible poetry. The point of these pages is so vague in the editors' minds that it is supported by quotations from Hindu poets, not the ideal caption-writers for *Life*. The whole story does make a kind of music, but it says absolutely nothing to a Western reader and whirls on out of the top of one's head.

If one takes it that the story tells us how we should feel (rather than think) about India, the ugly thought rises that the present *Life* editors are not competent to tell us that, and were not hired for that job. It is often said outside the organization that

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the present survivors on *Life* from 1940 are precisely those (with one or two exceptions) who would in the different climate of 1940 have been unanimously voted least likely to survive on *Life*. This is probably a compliment to them, but its relevance is that it is a *unanimous* compliment. Even more significantly, a majority of the survivors are products of the picture-handling, or photographer-handling, department. These include the present editor, Edward K. Thompson, who comes from South Dakota, not far from Harold Ross country. In his choice of personnel, the proprietor, Luce, exhibits a decided preference for hicks, for after all he was born outremer, in China. By upbringing, Luce has almost nothing in common with his fellow-Americans; he is an *Auslander*, a very unusual thing in America. This makes for some confusion in the Time Inc. operation. Nobody understands Luce. In fact, Luce likes to affect that he doesn't understand Luce.

IT IS NOT realized how massively *Life* has moved in on book publishing. It circularized 10,000,000 people for its *Pictorial Atlas of the World*, a handsome but error-ridden work, of which it sold 310,000 copies and printed another 100,000. Its *Russia* sold 475,000 copies. Its *The Sea* (an un-*Life*like book because the consultant insisted on accuracy over the protest of the *Life* staff) has sold 250,000; *The Forest* has sold 200,000, and others are rolling off the presses. To believe everything in these books (except *The Sea*) would probably be naive. They are hasty organization jobs, concentrating on making a good general impression, regardless of "small" errors.

Life seems like a blinded giant. It staggers blindly, with its hands before it, through a fog it has created itself. Will-o'-the-wisps like beauty, understanding, wisdom, are dancing somewhere in the murk ahead, and it stumbles on — not forgetting the advertisers and subscribers — trying to remember the dictionary definitions of those great words. But for *Life* editors they are only words in the dictionary, and it is often terribly difficult to remember.

PROGRAM OF A REVOLUTIONARY

FREEDOM FOR PORTUGAL . . *by Henrique Galvao*

Henrique Galvao, stormy petrel of Portuguese revolutionaries, told in The Nation *of April 15, 1961, how he captured the liner* Santa Maria *on the high seas. His latest escapade was to engineer the hijacking of a Portuguese airliner to drop anti-Salazar pamphlets over Lisbon.*

A distinguished historian and novelist before he became a revolutionary, Captain Galvao has now split with many of his co-rebels. In this article, translated from the Portuguese by Gregory Rabassa and adapted from a book, Santa Maria: My Crusade for Portugal *(World), he sets forth his own revolutionary credo.*—EDITORS

MORE THAN seven months have passed since the Portuguese Democratic Opposition, on board the Portuguese liner *Santa Maria*, demonstrated to the world that a state of hostilities existed between it and the Salazar dictatorship. The emotional shock of that dramatic event has produced a possibly decisive change in the policies bearing upon the survival of the Salazar regime. The regime has had to employ new methods of defense against the threat of political isolation from the free world. It has also had to array itself against forces which, revived by the same emotional shock, have stirred themselves into new methods of offensive activity in Portugal, in the overseas territories and in exile.

During these seven months, in the new climate created by the *Santa Maria* operation, the question of the Portuguese colonies has entered its most dramatic phase. At the same time, there have come into sharper focus the ideas, objectives and activities of the various national and international political movements that stand in opposition to Salazar and/or the colonialism identified with his regime.

The conflict that now rages among these various movements grows increasingly violent as each faction attempts to impose its own solution by means of propaganda, force or political intrigue.

At the outset, three salient facts stand out as one surveys the swirl of political movements surrounding the Salazar regime. First, and most important, is the fact that the Portuguese people inside Portugal, oppressed by a censorship as stringent as that which gags the colonies, cannot enter the Great Debate.

Second, confusion has arisen concerning that principle of justice which all anti-colonialist movements invoke: the right of self-determination. Certain political factions are demanding the independence of all Portuguese colonies before the inhabitants are prepared to exercise this right. Is it truly self-determination to set a people free under conditions which will inevitably force them to become subject to a minority group?

Third, many political leaders, for self-serving ends which have nothing to do with the real interests of those whom they pretend to serve, seek to persuade by passion rather than by reason. And it is upon the common man, the historical cannon-fodder of all great political struggles, that the worst consequences of the passions unleashed in this way fall — just as they fell upon the Congolese.

I CANNOT, of course, assume the position of spokesman for that true Portugal which has been deprived of its own right of self-determination

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by the dictatorship of Salazar. I do feel, however, that the ideas to be presented below correspond to the general sentiments of the democratic and Christian Portuguese people. My ideas are those of a Portuguese, a European, an adopted African and an anti-totalitarian democrat.

It is my firm belief that no just, humane or democratic solution for the conflict brought about by Salazar's insistence upon the continuation of a colonialist policy towards both the Portuguese nation and the Portuguese territories can be imagined without the substitution for his regime of a democratic and anti-totalitarian one.

Unless this condition is met, the only possibility is a war between two or more opposing terrorisms and the continuation of inhuman massacres — or the aggravated Congolization of the Portuguese colonies, culminating in neo-colonialism.

The following elements are already involved in the struggle: (1) the dictatorial and tyrannical Salazarian state; (2) the United Nations; (3) the "nationalist" groups fighting for the immediate independence of the Portuguese colonies, the most active of which are the Union of the Populations of Angola (UPA) and the so-called MLPA, which is financed by sources outside the colonies; (4) the organizations of the Portuguese Democratic Opposition (in exile); and (5) the extreme Left of the Portuguese opposition, clearly led by Communist and pro-Communist leaders. This last group constitutes a small minority, but its ill-defined ideology allows it to form tactical or opportunistic alliances with other opposition groups in moments of emergency.

Naturally, the cause for which I fight is that of the overwhelming majority of the Portuguese people—the Democratic Opposition to Salazar's regime, anti-totalitarian as well as anti-Fascist.

THE SALAZAR POSITION: Salazar's last speech before his National Assembly on July 30 must have resolved the doubts of anyone still hoping for a radical reform of his colonial policy. In it he made it clear that he was going to maintain his

Henrique Galvao

ultra-colonialist policy even if it meant the ruin of the nation — just as he has resolved to maintain the reign of terror to which he subjects the Portuguese people. By the very nature of his corporate, oligarchic regime, he could not do otherwise. Under severe diplomatic pressure, the most he could do was to issue the usual vague promises which he never fulfills (such as the alleged granting of "citizenship" to the inhabitants of the colonies). These promises and excuses give him time to resolve his problems in the manner to which he is accustomed — by force and fraud.

Salazar's position on the colonial question is based upon a series of pretenses which the governments of the free world have accepted complacently for a long time.

For centuries before Salazar, the Portuguese overseas territories had been in fact and in law *Overseas Provinces*, with their inhabitants as fully integrated into national life as the Indians of the Americas are today within their various national entities. Salazar's "Colonial Act," imposed on the nation against its will during the first years of his rule, reduced the provinces to simple colonies to be exploited by his oligarchy. Then came World War II and the victory of the Western democracies over the totalitarian regimes of the Right (with which the Iberian dictators aligned themselves) and with it the birth of the United Nations. In order to save his regime without abandoning or reforming his colonialist policy, Salazar pretended to redesignate the colonies as Overseas Provinces; by fraudulently making them appear to be self-governing, he could protect them against any inopportune inspection. All problems concerning them were now "domestic" problems, and no outside intervention was admissible. All this was undertaken in the name of the nation, although the nation had nothing to say in the matter.

THUS SALAZAR managed to resist diplomatic pressure to make radical changes in his policy. By maintaining his methods of violence and fiscal extortion, and by continuing to oppose the legitimate exercise of the national will, he has left no other solution to the problem except that of force, with consequences which will fall most heavily upon those whose rights and liberties are in the balance. Meanwhile, he continues to exhaust the economic resources of Portugal and the colonies, not only by shedding blood in a tragic war, but also by the excitation of racial hatreds (unknown before Salazar), thus compromising more and more the fate of the peoples involved. The longer he survives, the more complicated will be the ramifications of the problem and the heavier will be the burden inherited by a free regime. It will finally be so heavy that the only ones to profit may be, not the oppressed peoples of today, but those who will take advantage of the increasing political disorder and economic misery of the country and the territories. The end result can only be the emergence of another sort of imperialism. This is the avenue along which the present Portuguese regime is leading Portugal and its colonies.

The rigidity of the position taken by the Salazarian state plays directly into the hands of the Eastern Bloc's policy of "the worse it gets, the better." In this context, it is difficult to understand (except as a continuation of the errors which have aided Soviet expansion in the world) the aid Salazar still receives from cer-

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tain Western governments, led by the United States. It is equally difficult to understand the obstacles these governments place in the path of the anti-totalitarian democrats who are fighting for the abolition of the Salazar regime in Portugal.

THE "NATIONALISTS": In the Angolan situation, two groups stand out: the UPA and the MLPA. Though not in complete accord with each other, both are fighting for the immediate independence of the colony at any cost and by any means. There is a small group of Goans fighting for the integration of Goa, Damao and Diu into India (their enthusiasm is not generally shared by the population of Portuguese India). In Mozambique and in Portuguese Guinea there are small groups whose activities seem mainly confined to propaganda.

All these groups receive support of one kind or another from the Afro-Asian and Communist nations. None can demonstrate that it has any appreciable support from the people whose battle it is supposed to be fighting. Thus they cannot legitimately invoke any authority except that which their leaders or adherents choose to confer upon themselves. Furthermore, there can be no way for them to affirm themselves as representatives of their people until a new and democratic regime in Portugal gives them the right to show this by more convincing means than are now at their disposal.

In the face of Salazar's refusal to consult the people involved, and the inflexible posture he has assumed in the name of a nation he does not represent, the Angolan groups have initiated armed conflict and emotional campaigns of international propaganda. At the same time, they have taken advantage of the political shock of the *Santa Maria* operation and the civil war in the Congo (where live portions of tribes separated from Angola by the partition of Africa which took place at the end of the nineteenth century). This struggle for "liberation" has ceased to have as its primary goal the recognition of the right to self-determination; instead, it seeks to impose immediate independence by force, indifferent to the means by which the people themselves might determine their own destinies.

The most inhuman warfare has been carried on by both sides. It seems that Salazar is incapable of doing otherwise when he defends himself, while the "liberators" seem bent on destroying the very people they wish to liberate. Salazar, at this point, has the military advantage — but at the expense of the increasingly precarious economic position of Portugal and the colonies. On the other side, there is evidence that the invading terrorists have not encountered the support they had hoped to find, indicating that they do not represent the will of the majority (even though that majority is demonstrably anti-Salazar).

We democratic and anti-totalitarian Portuguese deplore the terrorism practiced by both sides, and we see no possible way of putting an end to it without a change of regimes in Lisbon which will bring about the basic conditions necessary for a humane solution of the problems of Portuguese Africa.

The events of the past seven months have shown that the policy of the West towards the present problem is still indecisive. The nationalist groups have at their disposal rather significant material resources (which do not come from the Western Bloc), and political facilities which enable them to maintain a warlike state as well as an army of propagandists in Africa, Europe and America. This is quite the opposite of the condition of the Portuguese democrats, who seek not only to erase all forms of the old colonialism, but to defend against the installation of neo-colonialism.

THE UNITED NATIONS: In its various resolutions on the question of the Portuguese colonies in both the General Assembly and the Security Council (December 15, 1960; April 21, May 19 and June 9, 1961), the United Nations went as far as it could without violating its Charter. The resolutions established Portugal's obligation to give out information concerning its colonies as non-self-governing territories, and they have called Lisbon's attention to the urgency of instituting reforms in Angola and establishing a commission to look into the situation there.

The U.N.'s right to seek information about the overseas territories was questioned by the government of Salazar, which claims exemptions from the obligation of all powers ruling non-self-governing territories on the ground that these territories are "provinces of Portugal." Salazar has thus placed himself in a legal position which cannot be supported by the facts — a false position which the U.N. has the right not to recognize, because it has the right to deny recognition to any lie.

In view of the decision by Salazar's government not to respect the U.N.'s resolutions, what can that body now do, within the limits of its Charter? Intervention by force stands condemned by the very spirit and aims of the U.N. The expulsion of Portugal from the world body would be possible and legally incontestable, but it would not fail to render the political, social and economic martyrdom of the Portuguese people even more unbearable.

We return again to our first premise: that no just solution, which will respect the human destiny of all the peoples involved, is possible without the return to Portugal of the institutions of a free people.

THE EXTREME LEFT: This point of view is ideologically less Portu-

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guese than international, and its political characteristics are apparently confused. It does not confess to a Bolshevik ideology, and many of its adherents say they are not Communists. But I know from personal experience that its interests and political orientation are those of the Eastern Bloc. The group is not large, and in Portugal it does not have the importance attached to it by Salazar as he skillfully invokes the "Communist menace" in his favor and thus obtains the support of the Western powers. It is, however, a very well-organized minority with a definite capacity for political action; it relies upon international aid from the countries of the Eastern Bloc—aid which the democratic forces in Portugal cannot obtain from the Western Bloc. Events of recent years have shown that this faction, or at least the Bolshevik policy that lies behind it, seeks the downfall of the Salazar regime only at a time when a dictatorship of the Left will be able to replace the present one of the Right.

This faction has given unconditional support to the so-called nationalists in the colonies, especially the UPA and the MLPA. As the target for its attacks, it makes no distinction between Salazarism and Portugal. It is the only element among the Portuguese which supports the terrorists in Angola and the Congo.

THE DEMOCRATIC OPPOSITION: According to the last elections held in Portugal in 1958, the large majority of the Portuguese people are traditionally liberal, Christian and peace-loving. Since the coming of the Salazar dictatorship, however, the only party which can legally exist in Portugal is the *Partido Unico*, of which Salazar is lifetime president, and all manifestations of opposition within Portugal and the territories are suppressed by the political police. In any part of Portuguese territory, the anti-totalitarian Democratic Opposition must operate clandestinely, under conditions of great peril. Only in exile, where many of its leaders and guiding forces can be found, is this Opposition able to operate effectively. But even abroad there are constant difficulties, not only from the diplomatic and police forces of the dictator, secretly active on foreign soil, but also from the governments of certain Western democracies, which often aid Salazar in his attempts to crush his opponents.

Ideologically, the situation is completely absurd. We consider ourselves as Western, anti-totalitarian democrats, and seek to maintain this identification; yet it is the Western democracies that deny us help in contrast to the Communist regimes, which offer us facilities in our fight against Salazar. *How, we must ask ourselves, shall we continue to resist the siren call of the Eastern Bloc and still cope with the difficulties we encounter in the West?*

Our most urgent aim, of course, is the immediate return of Portugal to Western democratic institutions. That accomplished, the *real* nation can enter into the debate concerning the destinies of the colonial peoples; and a just, humane and democratic solution for these peoples becomes a possibility. We recognize the right of self-determination along with the prescribed guarantees of the exercise of this right under humane and progressive conditions; we condemn all attempts at imposing immediate "independence" by violent means and before the peoples themselves have determined what their destiny shall be. Finally, we do not wish to lose through simple abandonment, or through extortion, the right to defend respected moral, political, spiritual and economic interests which Portugal has developed in Africa over the course of many centuries.

It is my opinion that the solution of Portugal's colonial problem — once Portugal itself has been liberated — lies in creation of a federation of autonomous states, free of racial, political or economic bias, dedicated especially to the welfare of that great majority of the citizens who have still not been raised beyond the spirit and methods of tribal institutions.

The Young Doctors' Dilemma . . *by Paul A. Buttenwieser*

RICHARD FREDE'S lurid novel *The Interns* paints a sensational picture of young doctors battered on all sides by tribulations and temptations, constantly threatened by tuberculosis, insanity and worse. When the novel calms down, it does manage to give a more accurate view of highly trained, overworked men who are teetering on the brink of outright poverty. Not only the internship year, but also the period of residency sees these men working long hours and contributing irreplaceable services to the community and to their profession, while receiving pay that would elicit sneers of derision from the after-hours schoolboy worker.

It is a long-standing tradition, in a profession which treats tradition with reverence, that doctors in training should not earn a living. The first years of practice have always been looked on simply as apprenticeships, whose reward is the honor of administering to the sick and (discreetly understood) the expectancy of rich harvest years soon to come. In return for post-graduate training and practical instruction which cannot be gotten in any other way, the young doctor must perform, in addition to important medical duties, any "ancillary" work the hospital sees fit to assign him. Although in many cases this work is more appropriate for secretaries, technicians or other personnel, it usually devolves upon the intern who, as the lowest-paid employee—with no extra pay for overtime—can do it at the least cost to the hospital.

Many doctors are actively opposed

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to higher pay for interns and residents. They point with scorn to the "exorbitant" salaries ($350 a month) that are beginning to creep into some fringe hospitals, and sternly caution the medical student against putting financial above educational considerations in accepting internships. They believe that free bed and meals, plus a bit of pocket money, should suffice "apprentices" who should have neither the time nor the inclination to spend more.

As for married house officers (some have children), to whom hospital room and board are useless, the attitude is: "If these young fellows want to get married and have kids, whose concern is that? The hospital's? The community's?" Not on your life. The feeling is that those who have married have done so in the face of (almost in defiance of) known obstacles, and that most hospitals include room and board as part of the stipend, with no allowance made for the intern or resident who has no use for either or both. (In at least one major hospital, the attitude of "medicine first, family last" takes the rationale that if interns were to receive money instead of free meals, they might not eat enough for their own health in order to have enough money to provide for their families.)

Doctors claim that they would like, in some cases, to see interns and residents receive higher pay, but that there is simply not enough money around, that the cost of medical care is already prohibitive, that the problem is one exclusively for the board of trustees, and so on. Yet if, as a group, they insisted on higher salaries for their younger colleagues, they could undoubtedly get their way. The interns and residents themselves are in no position to say anything. They are not only job-holders; their work is under constant evaluation, and the hospital's recommendation is crucially important for their future careers. Even if they commit no tangible sins, a bad impression caused by complaints can destroy their professional hopes. A strike is, of course, out of the question, and so they have no recourse but to bear with things. They do have the satisfaction of looking forward to a day when new men will have to go through the same process. Indeed, this "we-had-it-rough-why-shouldn't-you?" attitude undoubtedly helps perpetuate the present system, much in the same way that fraternity initiations (to which an internship bears more than a casual resemblance) endure through the years.

A HOSPITAL board is typically a group of lay citizens with good intentions who are faced annually with huge, seemingly insurmountable deficits. With the cost of everything medical skyrocketing, and the public constantly moaning about hospital care and costs, the board is not going to increase expenses if it doesn't have to do so. And pay for house officers is still one area in which it definitely doesn't have to. Here is no group of oppressed immigrants for whom minority-right organizations are constantly demanding better wages. Here is an expense that does not follow the cost-of-living spiral, as does laundry or food cost. It would be an act of untoward generosity to raise house officers' fees when they can, with no trouble to the hospital, no threat of union retaliation, be kept low.

It is ironical that a philanthropic organization, organized exclusively to provide welfare services to the community, should be so impervious to the needs of its own personnel. Of course, interns and residents are not the only ones who receive this treatment; student nurses are notoriously exploited, as well as much of the unskilled hospital labor. But perhaps the injustice seems especially sharp to the young doctor, with twenty years of education behind him, who must spend more than 100 hours a week at his job for an average salary of $45.00 a week. No other profession, or indeed few full-time jobs of any kind, start at such a low wage.

The stock justification for the low pay is that the interns and residents are still receiving their training, and by implication are lucky to get what little they do receive. But this argument overlooks the fact that without the "students," most of the teaching hospitals would not be able to operate, or else would be forced to overburden their senior staffs. While the intern's training is invaluable to him, he is also invaluable to the hospital. As for the residents, not only do they, in actual fact, run most of the hospital services, but they also do the overwhelmingly large share of the teaching, both of interns and of medical students. And yet their salaries are only imperceptibly higher than interns'. The reward for their extra training is simply more years of penury, and the long-term residents are usually heavily in debt before they even start to practice.

THE REAL answer to the question: "Who needs whom?" can be found by looking at the supply-and-demand statistics: Of the 12,580 internship positions requested by hospitals last year, 18 per cent went unfilled, while 2,545 were filled by graduates of foreign medical schools. According to the normal operation of free enterprise, which the organized medical profession stands by so loyally, this situation should mean higher pay for these scarce workers. But the pay is kept low, and the better the hospital the lower the pay. (A notable exception is New York's Presbyterian Hospital, one of the outstanding medical centers in the world, which currently starts interns at $300 a month—an enormous sum today.) Even though the American Medical Association has accepted a report calling for higher salaries for house staffs, the hospitals have been sluggish about implementing the policy.

The final, supposedly crushing, argument against raising salaries is that there is not enough money avail-

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able. It is an argument familiar in every philanthropic organization, and while it fits the apparent facts, it is based on the fallacious assumption that employees should subsidize their organization if no one else will. In reality, there are possible sources of money not currently being tapped; in each case, the major blocking power is organized medicine. One source is government aid; another is full-cost health insurance; a third is a corporate arrangement among the doctors. Any one of these ideas is anathema to the powers of organized medicine, to whom nothing these days seems so sacred in medicine as the doctor's inalienable right to present his bill in person.

BUT even without going to these heretical lengths, there exist at the present moment funds which would help considerably, but which have been declared unavailable for house officers' salaries: Blue Shield payments. Over this issue, the medical profession has taken sides in the perennial town-gown war, with the teaching hospitals and academic communities bowing in almost every case to the local M.D.s who run organized medicine.

Blue Shield was set up in most states by doctors; it is run by doctors; and its major purpose is to insure payment for doctors. When teaching hospitals have tried to collect Blue Shield payments from subscribers for the remuneration of the interns and residents who have cared for them, in almost every state in the country the medical societies—or the doctors who control Blue Shield—have refused to allow the claims. The reason offered is that full payment should go to the doctor who is responsible for the patient, no matter how much work on the case has been done by the intern or resident. Attempts by some hospitals to set up their own plans, by which the senior staff would voluntarily reimburse the house staff, have been branded as a subterfuge and similarly outlawed.

It is debatable whether responsibility, in either a legal or medical sense, should be the sole criterion for determining payment of fees, without any consideration of the hours of work which have gone into a case. In the matter of malpractice suits, the line is not always so clearly drawn. And the same elements that refuse to consider the interns and residents who assist on a case as independent practitioners, deserving pay, turn right around and demand that the radiologists, pathologists and anesthetists, who are also called in, be paid directly instead of by salary, as many hospitals would like. The double standards and contradictory thinking that produce this policy are also apparent when one considers that men with comparable or less training than residents, practicing in community, non-teaching hospitals, can receive full payment. The definition of a "fully qualified doctor" does seem to be a particularly fluid one.

As the debate over this relatively small subject goes on, more and more of the jealousies and selfishness present in some quarters of the medical profession are revealed. Of course, it is always pointed out, the selfish constitute an unenlightened minority, deplored by the majority; but the minority seems adept at getting its way. In this case, the minority consists mainly of local community doctors who resent academic medical communities, and dislike especially teaching hospitals. They are often worried about their patients' being lost to these mammoth, subsidized institutions, and are in a perpetual turmoil for fear they will be made to look inferior as medical practitioners. They have fantasies about losing their practice to the teaching hospitals, although the presence of these hospitals and clinics actually increases their work. And above all, they are reluctant to divide the money available to them any more widely than necessary; and to this end they have drawn a line that excludes the loathed teaching hospital's house officers, which in one neat action makes life difficult for the hospitals and diverts extra money toward themselves.

It is perfectly clear that Blue Shield has available for doctors' fees a fixed amount of money limited by subscribers' premiums. If part of this money went to interns and residents, there would, by inexorable logic, be less for the others. And so, by the curious ruling that non-charity ward patients should not be paid for by Blue Shield, it happens that the premiums of these very patients go not to the interns and residents who care for them, but ultimately to the older and wealthier doctors who have never seen them (if patients were really "charity" cases, their Blue Shield policy would be superfluous). It is certainly strange that patients should be bolstering the fees of doctors with whom they have no connection. But this is the custom, and it seems entrenched.

AS SOME of their elders would be quick to point out to young doctors, medicine is not a business, and making money should not be a primary concern. For far too many doctors, however, making money is becoming an all-consuming concern, and is turning the public image of medicine from a merciful calling to a mercenary racket. Surely the practice of starving young men for upwards of seven years must go a long way toward eliminating whatever altruism they may have brought to medical school in favor of the money-conscious climbing to which they are so widely exposed. Dr. Martin Cherkasky, the distinguished head of Montefiore Hospital, has commented on the "sullenness and dissatisfaction" engendered by the short-sighted policy of grossly underpaying house officers. The inevitable result of this policy is an attitude summed up by a statement made to him recently by a resident about to enter private practice: "I'm going to go out and get mine."

This is a long way from the kind of dedication and love of their profession that has so long been associated with doctors. The Hippocratic oath — which, incidentally, enjoins physicians to train others in their art — still stands as a symbol of the idealism which has been one of the greatest of medical traditions. This idealism should not be stifled by unnecessary years of scraping to keep the family alive, but rather should be fostered by conditions that allow the young doctor to take his mind away from money and back to the humane aspects of his profession.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

History As Poetics

THE WILL OF ZEUS: A History of Greece from the Origins of Hellenic Culture to the Death of Alexander. By Stringfellow Barr. J. B. Lippincott. 496 pp. $10.

George Steiner

IF THERE is in the Virginian temper a strong dash of agrarian and legalistic Rome, there is also, toward Monticello, a part of Greece. It is the latter which has always fascinated Stringfellow Barr. Behind his several careers as historian, educator and champion of world government lies a vision of the Periclean *polis*. This vision gives to his chronicle of Hellenic culture its distinctive elegance and power.

The history of ancient Greece remains exemplary for the tragic imagination. In it are ordered, as if by art, those shapes and actions of human greatness and disaster which represent, enduringly, the ambiguous capabilities of man. It is a history for poets, and it is in that vein that Mr. Barr has organized his narrative.

His account of Hellas, from the myths of divine and heroic origin to the no-less-fantastic myth of universal empire dreamed by Alexander, differs in two respects from modern academic histories. So far as possible, Mr. Barr allows the ancient voices to speak for themselves. His book is, in part, an anthology of classic rhetoric, historical narration and drama. It is through the eyes of Aeschylus that we see the Persian fleet come to ruin at Salamis; it is the bitter eloquence of Demosthenes and Isocrates, locked in enmity, that tells of the lengthening shadow of Macedonia and of the ignoble collapse of the independent city-state.

In addition to making the antique source part of the narrative, Mr. Barr has tried to place himself somewhere amid the actual flux of events, writing history as if he did not know its outcome. To do this requires the kind of alchemy of insight one finds in Michelet. Often Mr. Barr fails and his account suffers from a certain breathless simplicity. But at times the venture comes off, making articulate his main point — that the history of Hellas is, in fact, not yet accomplished, that its promise of the just city of man is still available, and that the futile chaos of the Peloponnesian Wars is directly relevant to our present estate.

This view of history as poetics and as morals in exemplary action is old-fashioned; it takes us closer to Schiller and Michelet than to Ranke and Namier. A sense of the archaic is underlined by Mr. Barr's cadenced, lapidary style. Readers used to the sparser motion of current prose will find it irritating. At times one has the impression of hearing the Book of Common Prayer being read with a Virginian lilt. But there are also memorable effects:

> And the manner of life the small aristocratic republics fought to defend . . . was a manner of life shown to them by the gods, largely through Homer and Hesiod. That manner of life would make the Greeks an inspired race and not mere bellies and wretched things of shame. . . . Indeed some of them would even learn, in the very midst of war and slavery and oppression, to accept the law that Zeus had ordained for men, that they differed from fishes and beasts and winged fowls, who devoured one another, for right was not in them; but to man he gave right, which proved far the best.

It is rather like a goblet of mulled wine after a lot of dry martinis.

Mr. Barr is not a professional classicist and does not introduce into his reading of Greek history any theoretic innovations or revaluations of traditional evidence. His account differs from that of most modern interpretations in only one major respect: he strives for a neutral view of the Peloponnesian Wars and emphasizes the merits of the Spartan case. By refusing the terms offered by Sparta in 425 B.C., by demanding complete victory, the Athens of Sophocles and Phidias, of Pericles and Plato, sealed its own doom. That doom found expression in a gesture which has permanently scarred Western consciousness: the judicial murder of Socrates.

SOCRATES is the hero of this book. He gave living proof that the image of rational man and of the examined life is no phantasm. In slaying him, the *polis* stifled its own voice. Mr. Barr portrays the great questioner through long citations from the Platonic dialogues. He takes for granted the uncanny scope and precision of Plato's memory. I often wonder. How much of the real man glows in the Platonic Socrates, how much is the invention of his disciple? Plato's dialogues are no mere transcripts, but poems of the mind. The Platonic Socrates may be a supreme fiction. The more gnarled, pedantic figure preserved in Xenophon's account could be nearer the literal fact.

Having killed Socrates, banished Euripides and reduced itself to squabbling impotence, the Attic *polis* fell easily to the thrust of Macedonia. Winning battle after battle against fantastic odds, Alexander, a man in his late twenties, led his armies across more than fifteen thousand miles of precarious, often hostile, terrain. He drove his men implacably, holding out to them no easy prospect of loot or imminent rest, but the an-

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i find your house

it has been a long walk to come to this place
i was hungry and would have welcomed
a bit of rice to sustain me
but was content with some leaves
and the sweet bark of trees
which i tasted well

and now that i am inside your home
i find such an exquisite banquet
with subtle flavors and delicate colors
arrayed on the low table before me
that i must look quietly at you and your table
before i bring my cup slowly to my lips

Carol Bergé

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cient Homeric intimation of renown. Facing his worn host on the banks of the Ganges, the ruthless dreamer called out: "It is a lovely thing to live with courage, and to die, leaving behind everlasting fame." Alexander left more — a concept of unity between Europe and Asia from which sprang the particular genius of the Hellenistic and early Christian period.

With its vivid maps and unusually well-chosen plates, this is a sumptuous book. But it carries little solace. Like Thucydides, Mr. Barr would have us believe that the past is a key to the future, "which in the course of human things must resemble if it does not reflect it." Perhaps so. But if there is indeed something of Sparta in the narrow, iron virtues of those aligned against our vision of free life, where then is our Pericles?

Responsibilities of Freedom

THE PREDICAMENT OF DEMOCRATIC MAN. By Edmond Cahn. The Macmillan Co. 194 pp. $3.95.

Norman Redlich

EDMOND CAHN'S *The Predicament of Democratic Man* is a profoundly important event in the development of democratic thought. It is the first attempt to define the moral responsibilities of the individual citizen in a democracy with a degree of precision designed both to assess the individual's blame for past official misdeeds and to point the way toward responsible individual action in the future.

It is not surprising that, although political philosophy is probably the academic hobby, if not the profession, of most social scientists, a judicial philosopher should be the one to pose the most crucial moral question facing citizens who live under a representative government. The political scientist or sociologist is trained to view the state, or societal group, from the top looking down. Indeed, as Cahn points out, this is the view of most judges, lawyers and politicians. It is what he calls the "imperial or official perspective." This view concerns itself with the actions and powers of the state, the division of responsibilities within the state, the economic and social interests which the state is considered to represent. It evaluates the activities and interests of labor, business, "power elites," the military — all in terms of how these groups act on the state and are affected by it and always from the viewpoint of the holder of power rather than of the individual upon whom power acts. In legal terms, it will lead a judge to sustain the Connecticut birth-control laws on the ground that the state, having rarely enforced the law in the past, probably will not do so in the future—thereby overlooking the consequences to the individual of having to commit a crime in order to practice birth control.

The contribution that Edmond Cahn has made to judicial thinking is to view the law from the perspective of the "consumer," the individual upon whom the law acts. Without this consumer perspective, Cahn never could have perceived the glandular response which became the theme of *The Sense of Injustice*, and he never could have concerned himself with moral values in the law as he did in *The Moral Decision*. Without this perspective it would be impossible even to ask the question which *The Predicament of Democratic Man* seeks to answer: what is the nature of the individual's "own responsibility for the wrongful acts of officials"?

POLITICAL theory, viewing the problem from the official perspective, would make the democratic state the representative of "the people," or at least of those who voted for the officeholders, thereby imposing a total obligation which no democratic citizen should be asked to bear. This is frequently expressed by the words, "We get the government we deserve." When we think of the problem from the "consumer" perspective, however, we realize that the responsibilities of democratic man for the wrongful acts of his government are something less than total, just as the responsibilities of the citizen in a totalitarian state are something more than negligible.

Cahn wisely distinguishes between the responsibilities which we bear as "mere" electors from those which we bear as individuals. The former derive "from a status of mere citizenship" and are imposed on all adult citizens in a democracy "without regard to distinctions and differences among them." The example used by Cahn is that of a knowingly wrongful prosecution by a politically ambitious prosecutor. With the exception of those few citizens, if any, who voted for the prosecutor with knowledge of his lack of integrity, or helped to implicate the innocent defendant, the involvement of the citizen does not derive from a uniquely personal experience, but only from his mere existence as a citizen in a democracy where such a misdeed has occurred. This is the type of collective responsibility which most of us have for the wrong doings of Congressional committees, for the denial of passports on political grounds, or for most instances of police brutality. Our responsibility here, says Cahn, is three-fold: to prevent similar wrongs, to repair the harm and to protest against the wrong-doing. In discussing these obligations Cahn offers telling insights into many legal and political institutions. The rights of free expression and association, for example, assume a new importance when viewed as the essential means by which the people can fulfill part of their moral obligations in a democratic society. Those who do not understand freedom can talk in terms of furthering the greater good by imposing reasonable restraints on free expression. But anyone who has felt the impulse to denounce the misdeeds of officials, and then checked himself because he feared the consequences of speaking, or of joining in protest, will understand that these rights are the absolutes of democratic existence without which a vital moral link between the rulers and the ruled is broken.

The duty to make reparations and to utter protest would appear reasonably precise. The third obligation in Cahn's trilogy of collective responsibility, to prevent the wrong from happening again, is more difficult to translate into practical terms. Cahn's case of the wrongfully convicted defendant demonstrates the difficulties involved in seeking to prevent similar tragedies. Since the defendant came from a slum area where crimes of police brutality are more likely to occur, it is suggested that

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Attention

The ice age is here.
I sit burning cigarettes,
burning my brain.
A micro-Tibet,
deadly, frivolous, complete,
blinds the four panes.
Veils of dumb air
unwind like bandages
from my lips
half-parted, steady as the mouths
of antique statues.

Adrienne Rich

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a program of slum clearance and urban redevelopment is "one of the soundest" methods of prevention. But it is difficult for the citizen to evaluate the remote consequence of such programs. Although prevention is an important aspect of a citizen's responsibility, the uncertain connection between the individual civic activities and the prevention of a particular wrong leaves this as a vague area in which the citizen is to discharge his obligation.

PERHAPS the high point in Cahn's analysis is his discussion of the citizen's individual obligation, as distinct from his collective one. Here the citizen moves beyond protest, reparation and prevention and engages in what Cahn calls "a process of self-search" to determine whether he is a moral accessory to the wrongful act. The author pleads for an honest self-appraisal. "Doubt about dusk is not doubt about noon," he writes, meaning that if the moral guilt is clear, "there is nothing but sophistry in pleading that if the circumstances had only been a little closer to the borderline, the answer might have been doubtful."

The instinctive reaction of those who prefer not to examine their own personal involvement in the misdeeds of government will be to think of situations where the process of "self-search" is difficult to apply, either because one cannot be certain that the act was wrong or because the information available to the citizen is insufficient to warrant the attribution of "accessory guilt." He will say, "How can I be a moral accessory to the action of a mayor who permits the discharge of city employees who plead the Fifth Amendment before Congressional committees? I didn't know he would do it when I voted for him, and even if I did, his opponent would have done the same thing." Another citizen might ask, "How do I know whether the eviction of thousands of families to make room for Lincoln Center is a wrongful act? And if I don't know whether the act is wrong, of what use is the self-search?"

Those who react in this way to Cahn's book, and there will undoubtedly be many, either will not have understood it or will be deceiving themselves. The value of Cahn's approach is in its willingness to accept truthful defenses, such as inadequate facts or the absence of a clearly defined official wrong. At the same time, however, the approach compels a constant re-evaluation in terms of specific factual situations where these defenses may not exist. Most important, the "self-search" which Cahn prescribes is not designed to determine whether the individual is a good citizen, or whether he cast the right vote. It is designed to ascertain the individual's accessory guilt for the specific misdeeds of government officials. Thus, even if the mayor in our example were to have indicated in advance that he would fire

Fire Dying, from an Essay at War

Robert Duncan

This fire lighting up the room
almost to a tropical heat, where
the old man is dying. "You
do not know how to light a fire,"
he says, "I will teach you
how to make a fire. So few, nobody
today knows how to make a fire
with kerosene." This blaze
is the same kind roar of flames
that destroys in terror Korea
and we
do not know how to make a light
pouring kerosene on the already burning paper.

"What can I teach you
when there is no time for teaching?"

Teacher! your temper teaches.
The gesture is living: so many forms present
about the table tipping of a moment.
The old man is like a city
laid waste by war. He is noble.
He is pathetic. He is an old nuisance
with his fits of fury, tipping over the pisspot.
He is a bombd house, falling away from us
reappearing in his own light
a spiritual refinement. There is a shame
in a beautiful body wasted so.
There is a pity. A frailty. A pièta.
Blood, urine, shit — draining away.
And we who had admired his pride see
that pride is not eternal. Shame
is not eternal. Your temper teaches.
The frail persisting. The mountain of great strength.
Great snores or death. An arm
inert upon the almost black brown blanket. Having
no longer strength of gesture. Head
thrown back, proppd up. He
absorbs grandeur. A history.
A teacher.

The poem designd so

to emit great snores
or death's confusions.

A pressure
or a procession . . .
A dream
or a drain. . . .

His mind: is wandering.
Come home: from us.

What do we know of him? The words
fly up, his breath: "the breath of stars,"
breadth of lungcase, pelvic bone
a frame.

The morning light
falls full upon his face. He stares.

I am trying to let everything fall away.

A pressure

a procession

The poem designd so. They return to us or
thru us. The listeners cannot
put it all together. It is so weak.
What information from so infirm
a grasp upon the thread? The thread
breaks: or the light
breaks thru

the miles of water extending beyond the land,
the cold out there
between us: between these continents
I mean, the sea, cold
and just breaking at war with the light.

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all employees who pleaded the Fifth Amendment, voting for him might be justifiable, or even compelling, in terms of the available political alternative. Such a vote, however, would not absolve the citizen of the responsibility for the subsequent wrongful act of discharging individuals who exercise their Constitutional rights. When the citizen thinks in general terms of personal responsibility for a mayor or governor, he will either accept too much or too little responsibility depending on how or why he voted. When one thinks in terms of responsibility for specific acts of these officials, however, it becomes possible for the individual, by asking the specific questions involved in the "self-search," to reach a fair verdict and to take civic action according to the dictates of his own conscience.

AT THE outset, Cahn limits his discussion to instances where "officers of government perpetrate an act of wrong within our own boundaries, in the course of our own public affairs, within the walls, as it were, of our national house." This book, therefore, does not deal with the citizen's moral responsibility for democratic government acting abroad—the area where the future of all government, and life itself, may be settled. If the people in a democracy are furnished with insufficient facts about our government's activities abroad, or, as in the case of the Cuban invasion, they are supplied with deliberate lies, one wonders if there is any responsibility at all. If there isn't, we would have to reconsider accepted notions about the higher moral level of democratic governments in world affairs. If, as is more likely, there is a moral involvement of democratic man in the activities of his government on a world scale, this might well cause a drastic re-evaluation of existing concepts of loyalty and patriotism. But these are only a few of the subjects which this book will tempt other thinkers to explore. Of one thing we may be sure: no one can ever deal with the moral responsibilities of the individual in a democracy without treading the path which Edmond Cahn walked alone in this book.

Salvemini's Last Message

Elisabeth Mann Borgese

Florence

THE OCCASION had all the external appearances of the great funeral of one who had just left us. The coffin lay in state, in the Aula Magna of the University of Florence. There were flowers — so many flowers — wreaths, ribbons. There was a guard of honor, formed by students wearing the medieval hats that students wear here on special occasions. They looked moved; they looked awed by their solemn task and by the long line of people that kept coming up the large stairs, until late at night, to pay their last homage to the great dead. Among these was the President of the Republic, Giovanni Gronchi, who stopped for long moments, absorbed in deep meditation, by the coffin.

The next morning, October 14, the official commemoration was held in the splendid Sala dei Cinquecento in the municipal palace, with its heroic paintings, the gilded ceilings, the classic statues, the heralds in their medieval costumes, the traditional fanfares, the ancient emblems: all adding solemnity to a solemn occasion. There was a crowd of about two thousand people.

In the afternoon the coffin was transported up the winding Via Bolognese to Florence's marble-walled necropolis, Trespiano. There it was interred in the private lot of the Rosselli family, next to the graves of Carlo and Nello Rosselli who were murdered by Fascist agents in Paris in June, 1937. Their bodies had been brought back to Florence after the fall of fascism. Gaetano Salvemini had been there to receive them, to deliver the funeral oration, in the same Sala dei Cinquecento. Now he lies next to them, up at Trespiano, under the cypress trees. A simple stone, with his name and the dates 1873-1957, adorns his grave.

The great funeral of one who had just left us. And yet there was nothing mournful about it. The air was filled with that kind of serenity always left in the wake of truly great men. Salvemini was a truly great man.

And he did not leave us. He came back, after long exile. For though born down South, in Molfetta, Salvemini's spiritual home was Florence and the world.

He died in Sorrento, on September 6, 1957. According to his own instructions he was interred there, in the cemetery of the poor. But his friends did not acquiesce. A national committee was formed, headed by Luigi Einaudi, ex-President of the Republic, to obtain permission for the transfer and to organize these manifestations. Now Einaudi, another great figure of anti- and post-Fascist Italy, has left us too.

SALVEMINI came to Florence in 1890, on a scholarship paying him sixty lire a month. This saved him from the fate commonly in store, in the South of that time, for a poor boy who was not illiterate and held some intellectual promise: the fate of becoming a priest. It saved the bishop, down there, a lot of trouble too, Salvemini commented, with his unforgettable acrid humor.

Salvemini's character was Southern: imbued with the suffering and the pessimism of the South, a sense of human brotherhood, a rebellion against injustice, a yearning for freedom and equality for all. It was imbued with pessimism, yet unbent, even by the cruelest of all tragedies which bereft him in one night, during the short moments of the terrible earthquake of Messina, of his wife and five children. But Salvemini's mind and culture were Florentine. Florentine, his humanism, his critical discipline, his unrelenting polemic spirit.

In Florence he completed his studies, started — and closed — his teaching career. And in Florence he embarked on his lifelong uncompromising political battle. Salvemini had a decisive share in the conquest of the universal suffrage for Italy, under the Giolitti regime. This, he knew, was the touchstone of Italian democracy in the making. This, he hoped, would be the redemption of his countrymen in the South, from their destitution and backwardness. His intervention in the campaign for universal suffrage among the Calabrian and Pugliian peasants remains memorable. It was the first time, in the history of united Italy, that these wretched people were aroused to take an active interest in national political issues.

Then came the First World War, which found Salvemini on the side of the interventionists, on the side of democracy, against militarism and imperialism. Salvemini's was a reasoned interventionism, though, not an exuberant, saber-rattling, nationalistic one. It was an interventionism beset by humane doubts. "There are moments," he wrote to a friend in 1915, "when, in the face of so much human suffering, I feel assailed by the doubt whether it would

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not have been preferable to accept the pain of German tyranny to the pain generated by this massacre. And if there were not within me something that rebels, invincibly, against servitude, and that values justice and liberty above life itself, I confess to you I would repent my having wanted this war."

The commemoration of Salvemini, in the, one should say, filial speeches (so warmly did they ring with affection for, and loyalty to, the great departed) of Vice Mayor Agnoletti, Mayor Lapira, and Professor Leo Valiani could not but commemorate this entire first century of stormy Italian history, of which the eighty-four years of Salvemini's life covered such a large part. For history and politics, scholarship and journalism were all one to Salvemini. Looking over his great work on the French Revolution and his essays on the Risorgimento and on the Fascist era, one realizes that his political views on the epochs through which he lived — the Giolitti era and the Fascist era — are the logical continuation of his scholarly assessment of the preceding great era of the Risorgimento. Salvemini was all of one piece: all departments of his big mind held together. There was no contradition between Salvemini the thinker and Salvemini the doer. And all periods of his long life hung together. The ideals he matured during his Florentine youth were still those he believed in and fought for in his Florentine old age.

When fascism came, Florence was a hotbed of resistance, and Salvemini was the heart of it. After the heinous assassination of the Socialist deputy Matteotti in 1924, he challenged the tyrants by having a leaflet distributed, over his full signature, commemorating the martyr. Salvemini and his friends founded the underground paper *Non Mollare* ("Never Yield"), hand-printed, now in a conspirator's basement, now in a hideout in the hills and distributed by the writers and editors personally, at the risk of their lives. It was the nation's only free voice during those dark days. Salvemini faced physical aggression, threats to his life and prison. There was no choice but exile.

In Paris, first, where, in intimate collaboration with the Rossellis, he had a decisive part in the shaping of the policy of *Giustizia e Libertà* which, in turn, was to have a decisive part in shaping the policy of the Resistance and the first post-Fascist government.

After France, he went to the United States. There he spent twenty years of exile; twenty years of patient though passionate, passionate though patient, work of exposing Fascist designs and methods of fascism—in a country, prone to think that these exiles were exaggerating and fascism was not so bad after all. That was the Salvemini *The Nation* and its friends knew and will never forget. Salvemini, and his unique group of companions and collaborators, each so different, and yet all united in uncompromising hatred against fascism in any form, anywhere; in their undying love for Italy and the Italians. Gaetano Salvemini, G. A. Borgese, Lionello Venturi, Arturo Toscanini, Luigi Sturzo, Carlo Sforza, are all gone now, but anyone who had the fortune of knowing them, knew that he was living through great times.

When Salvemini returned to Italy, he cried. Tears of joy and of surprise. Because, in the Resistance he found ideas — his own of twenty years ago and still his — and tempers he dared not hope to find in his moments (rare) of most elated optimism. He found people like Piero Calmandrei, the jurist and constitutionalist, and founder of Italy's greatest anti-Fascist monthly, *Il Ponte*, where Salvemini published his last writings. He found people like Ferruccio Parri, the heroic partisan leader of the Piedmont and first prime minister of post-Fascist Italy. And he found a new generation, crowding the halls where he was to speak, accepting him, celebrating him as the master and great teacher he was — as if the teachings of the dark decades were erased from their minds and had left intact their faith in democracy and their readiness, at any time, to defend it. If, occasionally, Salvemini found also a certain impatience and lack of orientation in the ranks of the Resistance, the Action Party, he took it in his stride. Of the Action Party, I remember him saying, with his puckish smile, "They don't know what they want, but they want it right away!"

The commemoration of Salvemini could not but commemorate the whole anti-Fascist Resistance movement.

ON OCCASIONS like this — an anniversary of any special date in the history of the Resistance — something touching happens in Italy, something that I think has no counterpart in any other European country.

From all parts of the nation (in the case of Salvemini's commemoration, even from America!) those people of the Resistance stream together. Thousands of them. And by now, they embrace three generations. There are some great old men, of Salvemini's generation or a little younger, in their seventies now, who have fought the Fascist regime from the beginning, and have gone through exile or prison — eighteen years of prison, some of them, and torture. Ferruccio Parri is one of the survivors of this generation; Emilio Lussu, Ernesto Rossi. Their unswerving rectitude, their moral dignity, their humanistic culture, make one think of the great figures of the Risorgimento.

Then there is the generation of those now between thirty-five and fifty, both men and women, who fought Mussolini's little republic, who rescued many Jews, who blew up bridges, killed, suffered atrocities and occasionally — very rarely — inflicted them. They have remained partisans. Lacking the wider historic perspective of the older generation (their education was completed under fascism), they have kept the flame of hatred burning: hatred against the Germans, against the Austrians, against any residue of fascism in this country (and there are several!). A revival of fascism would have these people to deal with. They seem ready to take to the woods again at any time and resume the fight.

With them comes a third generation of Italians: their children, now between the ages of ten and twenty. They were born into a less tragic period of Italian history, into a period of economic affluence and relative carefreeness. And yet, what difference between these youngsters and their American counternumbers. Family cohesion, of course, is stronger in Italy than in the States, and social pressures effect a different rhythm of growth. These Italian youngsters are full of political passions. They come to these rallies, not bored, but enthusiastic. They watch the documentaries, shown on these occasions, on the Fascist prison islands, on the Spanish war, on the partisan warfare; attentively they listen to the lectures on the struggle of decades past and on the struggle to come on issues of current politics. They sing the songs of the partisans, and debate among themselves who was greater, Salvemini or Croce.

In fairness, I should add right away that these children do not typify Italian youth, on which juke box, pulp magazines, movies and TV have made no less devastating inroads than on American youth. The general level of interests here is deplorably low; and these children, or grandchildren, of the Resistance constitute an elite, at school and out of it.

But this has been a parenthesis: to

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give the reader some idea of the crowd gathered in Florence, to celebrate Salvemini's return, and to listen to the addresses of Lapira, Agnoletti and Valiani. The atmosphere was solemn but serene, not mournful, but grateful. Salvemini's return to his Florence, Mayor Lapira said, should be taken as a last historic message of hope that Salvemini sends to Florence and to all nations: for the closing of the terrible winter of fascism and nazism, and the opening of a new season of civilization.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

GRAHAM GREENE'S *The Complaisant Lover* (Ethel Barrymore Theatre) is a nice old-fashioned play. By "old-fashioned" I mean that it deals with marital relations and the famous triangle among people who live respectable middle-class lives.

The play moreover is English. That's one of the things which make it nice. It is written with a literacy based on a solid prose tradition. It is neither pretentiously "lit'ry" nor condescendingly familiar. The dialogue is comfortable, fluent, unobtrusively graceful — with no taint of the disreputable. The effect is that of a relatively unharassed Englishman's home. The world here is not coming to an end.

Victor Rhodes, a London dentist, has been married for years. His ten-year-old son is a fine little chap, well cared for by parents whom he loves. They are all quietly content. Victor is a bit foolish: he is altogether absorbed in his profession and he rightly sees nothing absurd in its being dentistry. If he loves to play boyish practical jokes on his friends (passing out trick cigars and fake cocktails), this is no more tiresome than other folks' more adult foibles. He is unromantic but not by any means unattractive.

His wife Mary has a subdued prettiness, but she is physically rather more lively than Victor. This makes her susceptible to the appeal of Clive Root, a well-turned-out bachelor who sells books. She has an affair with Clive who proposes marriage. She is tempted to divorce Victor, but cannot bring herself to do so. For, while the edge of her appetite for Victor has been thoroughly dulled (they have had no intercourse for five years), she loves him because he is a good person and a devoted father. Her lover, Clive, precipitates a crisis by having a letter written by a Dutch valet disclosing the fact that he had served him (Clive) and Mary in an Amsterdam hotel where they had spent four days together.

When Victor receives the letter he weeps. What shall he do? His wife refuses to decide for herself. She desires Clive and is attached to Victor and her home. Victor is the one who takes action: he chooses not so much to become a complaisant husband as to make a complaisant lover of Clive. Clive will continue his affair with Mary, but he must remain a friend of the family with Victor's ironic but reasonable acquiescence. Mary will eat her cake and have it — a civilized solution.

All this is affably told with one very funny scene at the hotel in which, by the way, Gene Wilder as the bewildered valet gives a hilariously real performance. I have no doubt that arrangements such as the one Victor, Mary and Clive consent to are not uncommon. Certainly there is no cause for shock in it in this day and age, when many things we take for granted as normal are hideously indecent.

Still, there is in the play a certain hypocrisy which may be typically English or, more accurately, typical of English stage convention. It is understandable that Mary should have lost her desire for a husband who has not approached her amorously for five years; but when Victor is asked why he has abstained he replies (a) that (monogamous) marriage is an "impossible" institution and (b) that he did not want to use her as one might a pick-up in the park.

THIS explanation may satisfy a theatre audience; it worries me. What has Victor's sex life been during those five years? Has he preferred to "dishonor" the pick-up rather than his wife? Has he had mistresses? Has he forsworn sex entirely? Is this natural to him? What sort of a "good" man is he in regard to this rather important aspect of human behavior? We get no answer from Graham Greene, for any answer at all would lead to explanations which might embarrass or complicate our view of the matter.

So the play's frankness and sophistication are neither frank nor sophisticated, for the play evades the issue it sets up and leads only to the old conclusion that adultery is or may be preferable to divorce. I might not object to this proposition — it is subscribed to by many sensible people — and every artist has a right to his own moral attitude, but its lack of clarity or candor robs the play of substance.

Googie Withers' realism is pleasantly discreet, and the whole cast is unexceptionable, as is Glen Byam Shaw's direction, which does not tax his actors. Michael Redgrave characterizes Victor neatly and plays the entire part with an ease that strikes no false notes. If I am more reserved in my praise of him than I should be, it is because he is an actor of heroic quality and great emotional powers. His is a vivid imagination and there are depths to him which can fulfill the requirements of the most ambitious dramatic tasks. In such a play and production as *The Complaisant Lover,* he is called upon to use only a very small part of himself and, though there is no reason why such an actor should not undertake light roles as well as mighty ones, I have the feeling that Redgrave is here placed under heavy restraint.

SHALL WE discuss the philosophy of Paddy Chayefsky's new play *Gideon*? (Plymouth Theatre). I should think not. It is a condiment in a theatrical conceit rather than an intellectual substance or the sum of an organically dramatic argument.

Yet an acknowledgment of the play's thought is required, for it is that ele-

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ment which elevates it in the audiences' regard. Whatever it may be worth, the play's "message" represents a certain need in the playwright's spirit. Was it not Chayefsky's little moral amid the jokes of *The Tenth Man* that it is perhaps better to believe in a *dybbuk* than in nothing? That play, if it presented anything besides its humors, revealed the disarray of a religious heritage, a hangover of conscience from ancient beliefs or custom half-nostalgically, half-ironically recalled, but no longer operative. Somewhere, somehow, the shrewd playwright, Chayefsky, is still struggling with the faith of his fathers. It must have made a strong impression. And it does give his talent a little extra something.

Gideon retells the episode from the Book of Judges in which the Lord comes to a poor farmer's son, the least in his father's house, and sends him out to smite the Midianites, who up to that moment had been giving the wayward Hebrews a very rough time. Through divine hocus-pocus — to put it in the vein of the play—the Lord delivers the Midianites into the hands of the Hebrews led by the innocent oaf, the wholly unmilitary Gideon.

The incident in the Old Testament ends with the men of Israel saying "Rule thou over us . . . for thou hast delivered us from the hand of Midian. . . . And Gideon said unto them I will not rule over you, neither shall my son rule over you: the Lord shall rule over you."

That is not Chayefsky's ending. His Gideon, though he loves God, cannot finally stand Him! God inspires more fear than devotion. God is great but too absolute. He is a metaphysical tyrant, a totalitarian with little respect for man's vulnerability. In God's view, the human creature has little credit, he is an insignificant item in the cosmic pattern. So Gideon rebels. God cannot touch him and he cannot reach God. Gideon will arrogate to himself certain godly rights and privileges. He will content himself with his small reason and interpretations, exercise his own human will. God does not altogether abhor this independence. He hints that through his self-assertion man may ultimately achieve a godlike wisdom and righteousness.

Stated this way — in the abstract — the reader may find the point well taken or "controversial." But abstractly the "problem" is inconsequential, a debate in the void. For today's audience, being in no way concerned with God, is not torn by the spiritual conflicts posed in this play. If I were to take the play seriously on this level, I should, for pragmatic reasons, side with the Lord against man because our audiences are not remotely aware of any deity except that of the Main Chance. We are not a religious society.

BUT it probably does not make much sense to discuss *Gideon* in such a context. It is told as a kind of grown-up children's story. It toys with its ideas in colored picture-book manner, so that adults, half-mature, may be entertained after a fashion that tickles their innocence and flatters their age — and "education." There are several laughs in the dialogue and in the acting: the Lord whistles familiarly like some American business executive preening himself on a successful deal he has just pulled off.

One is reminded of such things as the Lord's handing Noah a "ten cent seegar" in *Green Pastures*. If there is profundity in *Gideon* — though Chayefsky is clever enough to avoid that air — it is, as Van Wyck Brooks once said in regard to another such play, "entirely cosmetic." For my part, I was but mildly amused and hardly ever involved. Yet, for all that, *Gideon* may prove one of the better plays of the season.

As for the production, I am not sure whether it is something in the text or some uncertainty on Tyrone Guthrie's part as director, but, though nothing in the show is downright objectionable, the total effect is hardly conclusive, that is, unified to a single impression — be it thoughtful or playful.

Fredric March and Douglas Campbell, Angel (of the Lord) and Gideon respectively, give able performances, somewhat marginal to their genuine gifts. Perhaps this is also true of Chayefsky.

THERE is nothing marginal about the use of Alfred Drake's gifts in *Kean* (Broadway Theatre). He fills the bill admirably; versatile in voice (high baritone), movement, vigor. *Kean* is a musical comedy of operatic proportions (three hours long), any hour and a half of which should entertain you.

Even the credits are elaborate and extensive. Based on a treatment by Jean Paul Sartre of a play by Alexandre Dumas, the book is by Peter Stone and the lyrics and music by Robert Wright and George Forrest. What attracted Sartre to the original play — apart from the pleasure of supplying the noted French actor Pierre Brasseur with a virtuoso vehicle — was the chance to introduce some comments on the subject of "the mask and the face": a man's inability to be real if he always acts as someone else, and conversely the fact that a mask constantly worn will eventually become a man's real face. Character depends on action rather than on thought or ideas. Dumas knew little enough about Edmund Kean, the great English tragedian (1787-1833), to write a very effective play in the wittily florid style of the French Romantic period. He supplied the bravura that the present American adaptation employs to advantage in Broadway fashion.

The show has Everything: a dash of psychology (from Sartre and the traditional mythology of the stage), democratic sentiment (why shouldn't the actor be a full-fledged citizen even in a community of aristocrats?), part of a scene from *Othello*, good-looking and rich costuming plus lavish sets by Ed Wittstein, gay acrobatics and a dab of dancing under the supervision of the director Jack Cole, some perennial theatre jokes, comely girls, good ensemble singing, a touch of tony English acting by Oliver Gray (as the Prince of Wales), songs ranging from the subtle "Penny Plain, Twopence Colored" to the rollicking "The Fog and the Grog" which reminds one of a catchy college tune, and a general sense of color and verve — all coordinated and moving as smoothly as a Presidential cavalcade.

Lee Venora as the lass bent on conquering Kean has a superior voice and sound musical training; Patricia Cutts as a lady of fashion in pink is pretty and pert; and, generally speaking, there is nothing in the proceedings with which I would take pains to cavil. Here, then, is a certain success. All that is lacking

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is style (except that Broadway may be said to have a style of its own — like a giant department store) and genuine personality. Opulent efficiency and theatric energy may leave some people unaffected, or even bored, but many, many more will pass a gleeful time at *Kean*.

ART

Max Kozloff

THE NAME Julio Gonzalez may not yet be appreciably known to the public, but it has long been revered by welded-metal sculptors throughout the world. To this Spaniard, who died forgotten in 1942, they owe homage for the first perceptions of how the acetylene torch could alter and transform iron or bronze or steel. The whole tradition of what is called "open form" or direct metal sculpture, now a kind of increasingly familiar metal handwriting in space, stems from Gonzalez' single-minded efforts of the thirties. It is therefore fascinating to see, at his handsome show this month at Galerie Chalette, the excitement of a true innovator who can apprehend a new form in every work, and who knows it, but who lacks, as Gonzalez most inspiringly lacked, any kind of rhetoric or presumption.

Probably the most general impression his work gives is its remarkable adherence to the image of the figure, despite the fact that the thin arched or flattened spindles and beams he used imply a concern quite different from the evocation of organic life. The cubist and post-cubist elements of his vision — his disjointed sheet-metal triangles, his interlocking faceted planes and the over-all rejection of a fixed spectator point of view — were all freed, by welding, from a conventionally restricted parent mass. But today, one can acknowledge the brisk spatial entertainment which each of these sculptures is, and yet admire behind its elegant pirouette, not so much the dance, as that which Yeats poignantly reminds us of, the dancer himself. Gonzalez' figures also look into mirrors, hold baskets or comb their hair, and it is perhaps with these latter, punctuated by little kinky shudders of iron, that one best recognizes his ability to turn even this most resistant material into an astonishing metaphor of human character. Gonzalez not only combined the abstract technology of welding with figurative effect; he deliberately retained and increased the delicate and intimate yield of his observation in an unpliant context. This sculptor was not the first to use steel constructively—Russians like Gabo and Tatlin had preceded him years before—but he was unique in holding it to a humanist emotion. His originality consists in his refusal to see any decisive break between the new form and the old tradition.

At the Chalette, however, Gonzalez' work does seem haunted by another personality, for Picasso comes instantly to mind. One learns, unsurprised, of their fruitful collaboration in the early 1930s. But it is precisely in the shadow of his great compatriot that Gonzalez, already over fifty years old, finally found himself and, by contrast, most affirmed his own qualities. Picasso's sensibility was so innately figural that he could permit himself the most outrageous schematizations, and his work, though skeletonized, would yet appear to us as an intact presentation of the human being. Gonzalez was a much more abstract thinker, and had to work and reflect much harder to find the expressiveness he wanted. A linear Picasso sculpture of this period most easily reads as a combination of positional and functional data reduced to a very dramatic statement. But Gonzalez could not conceive of the figure as such a set of externalized energies, and we are thus hard put to interpret his poetic vectors completely as armatures or as outer contours, or as symbolized motions. They ambiguously operate somewhere between all three, and it is just this which forces a heightened awareness into our experience of his work. In addition, one perceives any structural unit of a Picasso quite simply for what it is: his sign language, issuing brusquely from the heart and mind, is completely legible as soon as it is born. But Gonzalez apparently had to "carve" away non-existent masses in order to get at his spare shafts. The typical spatial entity of a Gonzalez work is concave, and one often feels certain pressures from adjacent air pockets as tending to whittle down still further the already humiliated bareness of his imagery.

AS A RESULT, the Chalette show exhibits an austere pathos, grayer and subtler in mood than Picasso. (In this respect, the abundance of the early tragic masks and fragmented reclining heads is an interesting prelude.) Were it not that Gonzalez' repertory was more typed from a cubist point of view, one would be tempted to associate him with Giacometti. The Spaniard is as sensuous, certainly, yet far more aloof. He does not attack the flesh directly, but mortifies the human body by transposing it to a series of symbolically conceived antennae. Frequently he conserves the operational simile of his approach even in his titles, as when he speaks of a "Head *called* 'The Tunnel,' " or a "Figure *called* 'The Big Sickle' " (italics added). All the intensity of Gonzalez' vision is concentrated in keeping the identity of the tactile, three-dimensional collage and the human presence, separate—but because separate, alive, negotiable, and in a state of open possibility. It is only when he introduces a literal representation, as in his cactus men, that, no matter how justified formally, his dream shatters by becoming too tangible. For, ultimately, the mature art of Julio Gonzalez rejects its "objectness" and lives on, pivoting and recoiling, in a dream.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

SATAN has developed a sty — an inflammation, according to a legend uncovered or invented by Ingmar Bergman, caused by some mortal woman's stubborn preservation of her chastity. In this fix, the devil predictably remembers his old lodger, Don Juan, who is dusted off, rigged out in modern tweeds and dispatched to the upper world under orders to rid his master of the optical embarrassment. Thus *The Devil's Eye*, Mr. Bergman's current comedy.

Comic it certainly is, in the technical sense that all's well at the end; indeed, the picture's point is that the hellish thing about being the devil is that the more mischief he tries to create, the more good he inadvertently achieves. Experience in general does not confirm this. But the picture is hardly comic in the sense of being pretty and lightsome. Mr. Bergman has something of the stony grip of the Commendatore's statue. In the interest of fun, he is exceedingly arch, sometimes considerably sexy, but the sport is elephantine and smells of library damp.

It doesn't help that the wicked Don goes about his bedroom work as though his infernal punishment had been to sit forever through reruns of old Valentino movies. The sheepish sheik technique works so surprisingly well on the Viking maid in dungarees (Bibi Anderson again), that she is ready to capitulate to the lines of torment on her seducer's brow. But Juan, touched at last by human love (he has discarded his boar's-head ring, in a symbolic moment

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borrowed from Wagner), forgoes the proffered surrender, and the young lady scampers off, technically unscathed, to her engineer fiance. In a side escapade, the Don's valet seduces the girl's mother, thus reanimating that lady's regard for her pastor husband. The pastor, meanwhile, has trapped an imp in his cupboard, thereby achieving a degee of worldly wisdom and acting out what appears to be another folk-tale exhumed for us by the studious director.

A script involving hell and its elite puts the writer under the severe responsibility of inventing something new, either by wit or by horror, in the category of evil. Shaw managed it, so did Sartre; but Bergman's inferno looks like charade night in a home for old actors. That could be a species of hell, but you would have to be in the profession really to savor it.

ARNOLD WESKER is a British Socialist who believes that the "great day," if it is to come at all, will come, not by programs, nor by slogans, but by individuals speaking to individuals. He conducts such conversations on stage, and his plays, whatever their other virtues (I think them considerable), are hortatory to a degree unusual in the contemporary theatre. *The Kitchen* is an early work, which I have not seen on stage. If it was a good play, it has not been made into a good movie.

Wesker is saying here that men are not only cooks, they are also dreamers. If they are deprived of the opportuniy to dream, they are robbed of their birthright and reduced to objects. This is sin. But the director, James Hill, either thought that this was not enough to say, or became infatuated with the choreographic possibilities of a restaurant kitchen. The picture lacks narrative, which would not be fatal; but it also lacks character deeper than the facial and athletic superficialities of a *danse culinaire*. The scenes swing from frenzy (1 to 3 P.M.) to the peace of exhaustion (4 to 5 P.M.) to recurring frenzy (6 to 8 P.M.). I cannot believe that kitchen professionals are as inadequate to their jobs as this picture suggests, I became weary of the leftist platitudes served up with the sole and the roast, and my head ached from the clumsy clang of utensils and ideologies. A witty dance might indeed be composed from *The Kitchen*, but for that you would need a Balanchine.

AS PART of the cultural exchange, the USSR has sent us *A Summer to Remember*, the hero of which is a six-year-old boy. It will not surprise you to learn that the Russians share with Presbyterians and members of Rotary a tender love of children. The story is banal: a sweet tale of adjustment between a little boy and his stepfather, with suitable pranks, adventures and crises inserted for narrative and flavor. I suppose propaganda can be detected: the new daddy is a most humane director of a huge and happy collective farm (here, he would be a most humane foreman of a huge and happy cattle ranch). But I recommend the film for the performance of Master Borya Barkhatov, an entirely unsentimental child, with a monstrous ego proper to his age, a pair of handy, if inadequate, fists and the ability to weep without loss of dignity. The picture was directed by Georgy Danelia and Igor Talankin, who have produced a child portrait that is honest and appealing. No easy trick.

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LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

3. Protection against one of the auto industry's worst abuses, the short work week, through payment of up to 65 per cent of their hourly wage rates for all hours lost up to 40 in one week.

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9. Inclusion — again for the first time — of clauses guaranteeing regular rest periods of not less than 24 minutes a day for workers on conveyor and assembly lines.

BRENDAN SEXTON
Detroit, Mich.

Brecht Performance

Dear Sirs: The Nation often mentions Bertolt Brecht, but *Nation* readers seldom get a chance to see any of his works on a stage — or to hear one in a concert hall. Recently, a great Western university announced a major Brecht play, then dropped it like a hot brick. The Pittsburgh Symphony, I am told, announced Paul Dessau's musical *Memorial to Brecht*, and dropped that.

I am writing to tell *Nation* readers that Brecht's *The Exception and the Rule*, with a score by Stefan Wolpe, will be presented by Columbia Players at Columbia University, November 30 through December 3. I do not think this production will be canceled.

New York City ERIC BENTLEY

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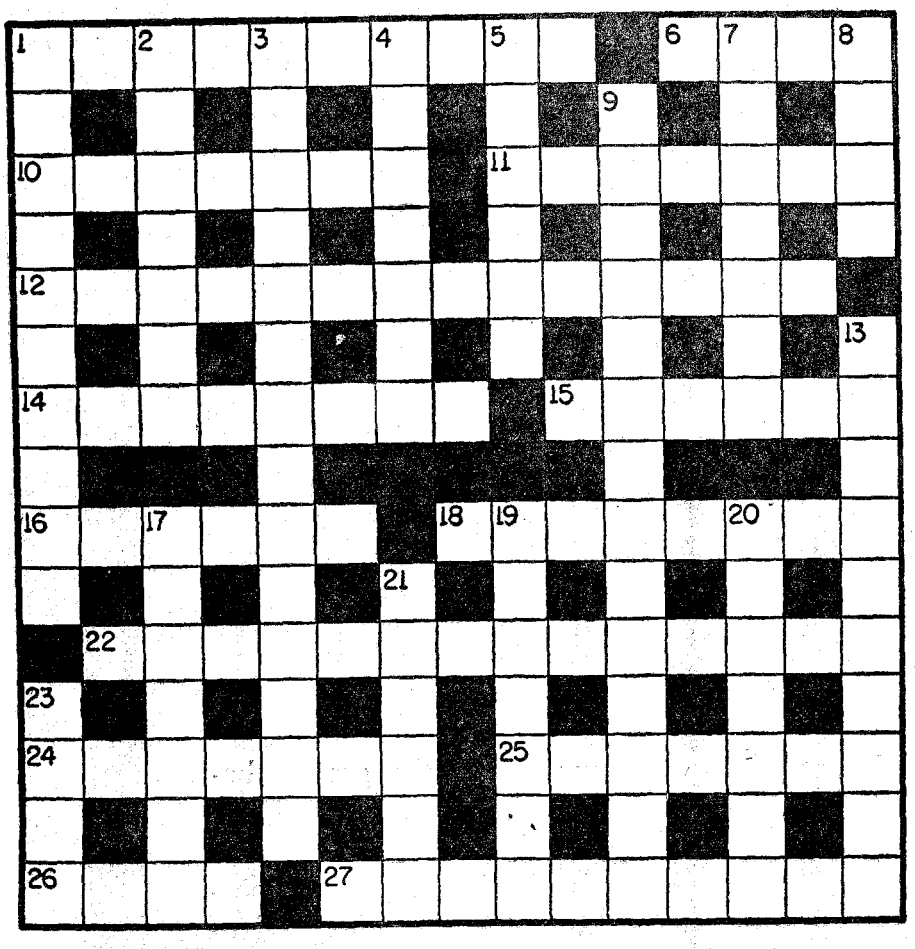
Crossword Puzzle No. 938

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Where a grave situation might be developed from a plan of the Borgias, for example. (6, 4)
6 A safari is no longer extremely agreeable to a Latin — especially viewed from this point. (4)
10 A sort of bad sign — or just middling? (7)
11 Does pie make only part of the story? (7)
12 Such livers could well be lights — though the strain on them would disappear without current application. (8, 6)
14 A Spoonerism would suggest that Fortune is a Woman — about to leave the office. (4, 4)
16 Is there another place in such a condition as Saudi Arabia? (6)
18 A colorful description of how black won at chess? (3-5)
22 How a gear might work is strange with only one supporter. (14)
24 Stop George getting started clean away! (7)
25 No production out of this reel, it's evident. (7)
26 Produced wine with Ira, possibly.
27 Their deeds might be descriptive of the eternal portion of the plot. (5-5)

DOWN:

1 A whipper-snapper, at least in part, has to hang down to measure a worker. (10)
2 When did you get on course? Such examination should be no nearer to conclusion. (7)
3 Not supposed to be an express attempt at destruction? (7, 7)
4 Chief caption, possibly. (7)
5 Is one state of the mineral almost gone? (6)
7 Turn away in anger from the gathering. (7)
8 "Regretted" sounds a trifle boorish! (4)
9 Evidently those who stand and serve also have to be experts in the air. (7, 7)
13 One doesn't expect it always to grow into little stalks. (6, 4)
17 Knotted ties and those like Peter might be. (7)
19 Where one hopes the right player has intermediate power. (7)
20 Certainly not a do-gooder by repute. (3, 4)
21 Is it only the brave who might receive such a clout? (6)
23 and 15 First person (masc.); first person (fem.) (4, 3, 3)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 937

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DOWN: 1 Depict; 2. Torrid; 3 Sheiks; 4 Sound the retreat; 5 Self-explanatory; 6 Albacore; 7 Necklace; 8 Danseuse; 14 Assaying; 15 Colonial; 16 Atalanta; 18 Defeat; 19 Smears; 20 Inhere.

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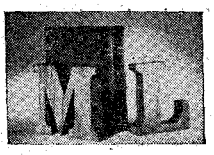

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